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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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THE surrender at Przemysl of an Austrian army but little smaller than that which laid down its arms at Sedan in 1870 may be estimated as the greatest disaster of the war. Only the Battle of the Marne can be compared with it as a decisive incident. In the opening months of the war Germany had sought to dispose of France. A winter campaign had been devoted to dealing with Russia. After Lodz and the Masurian Lakes, German military writers had repeated the claims made when their armies were under the walls of Paris. But east and west they had missed a decision, despite splendid local triumphs. Now a great Russian army has been released to strike the crumbling Austrian line at the Carpathians, to crown the crests and flow over into the Hungarian Plain. German effort and sacrifice in Poland have not saved Austria. Germany, still unbeaten, must consider the imminent ruin threatening both her allies. What Constantinople already expects, Vienna and Budapesth must henceforth dread. Nor is it less unmistakable that the cheering thousands in Petrograd have awakened ominous echoes

Przemysl is a great achievement, one of the most splendid in all Russian history, but in its moral effect it is for the Kaiser and his allies a disaster comparable only with those of Metz and Sedan.

CONSIDERING the spectacle presented by the political history of the State of New York during the past two years, the obstinate attempt of so many able and upright men to combine partisanship in state politics with progressive convictions becomes absurd and even revolting. In 1910 the voters of the state brought to an end a long period of Republican domination, because of a widespread conviction that the Republican machine was no better than a group of conspirators who were milking the state for their own benefit and that of their business associates. So they substituted the Democratic machine, which assumed control of the government, pledged to do away with Republican extravagance and to give to the state a business administration. At the end of two years the business administration had incurred so much disfavor that its chief was denied a renomination, and only a division among its opponents prevented the Democrats from being overwhelmingly beaten. Two years later they were overwhelmingly beaten, and the Republicans restored to power. The voters had not the slightest reason to believe that the Republicans had improved in four years, and under the system of direct primaries they had a chance to nominate a group of political impeccables; but instead they helplessly and cynically restored the Republican machine. Since the return to power of the Republicans the one idea of their politicians has been to legislate the Democrats out of office and fill the vacancies with their own associates. Never in the history of the state has the legislature offered a more sickening spectacle of sterility, incompetence, and latent if not actual corruption. Yet we shall hear sincere and intelligent Democrats

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rescued from its present rulers is by means of a triumphant revival of Democratic rule. Does anyone seriously believe it? If not, why shouldn't progressive Democrats do something about it? Why do not progressive Republicans dissociate themselves now from the partisan anarchy which prevails at Albany?

REPUBLICAN dissension and ineptitude at Albany have more than a merely local significance. They exhibit the Republican party as a group of disconcerted but unrepentant sinners, without recognized leadership, without effective organization, without an acceptable public policy, and with no negotiable asset except possible Democratic unpopularity. Their record has been almost equally dubious in other states which they now control, such as Wisconsin and Ohio. The lack of national leadership and policy is even more conspicuous and demoralizing than the lack of local leadership and policy. They have no candidate for the Presidency who is capable of forcing the fighting and of capturing popular imagination either by his personality or his program. A dozen or more states will put forward favored sons, no one of which will have the resources and the prestige to make a national campaign. Under such circumstances they will be unlikely to nominate a candidate in whom the mass of Republican voters can take any positive interest. The probable event of a real revival of business between now and next spring will deprive them of their only issue, and a sterile and treacherous issue it is. Should the Republicans elect their Presidential nominee after a "prosperity" campaign, they could not redeem their pledges except by the use of means which American public opinion would immediately and overwhelmingly repudiate. A Republican administration in Washington would merely repeat the trivial and incoherent partisan antics of the Republican administration at Albany. If the party is again to become the powerful agency of government which it has been in the past, it must do something to recover its self-possession. Its two factions have been drifting into reunion because of the political desirability of a united opposition to the Democrats, but for all positive political purposes they are as much divided as they were in the spring of 1912.

FROM time to time various and interesting answers have been made to the question, when is a trust not a trust? One answer is, when it splits itself up into little pieces and prints stationery accordingly; another, when it stifles competition in a pleasant and reasonable way. A Department of Justice has added another to the growing list of exemptions: when it is The Associated Press. Replying to the complaint of the New York *Sun* Printing and Publishing Association, Attorney General Gregory holds that while the A.P. serves news only to its members, and restricts its membership at will, and maintains the right to forbid its members to buy news from any rival agency, its actual conduct has not been un-Shermanlike, and besides, maybe news is not interstate commerce. The opinion has strengthened the feeling among A.P. newspapers that legitimate business has nothing to fear from government activities; and the *Sun* never thought highly of anti-trust laws, anyway.

INDIGNANT people who could not understand why the Industrial Relations Commission insisted on investigation by flashlight may find the answer by considering the present situation. How many of them know what the Commission is doing now? How much space is the press giving to the inquiries now under way? The only newspaper in New York which has made any sincere effort to report the work of the Commission in Texas is the *Call,* a Socialist daily. The other papers have evidently not regarded the plight of the tenant farmer as very important news. The vaudeville performance of Mr. Carnegie was worth columns of space and elaborate editorials. But the rural slums of the Southwest are not headline material. The miserable housing, the agricultural sweating, the crushing debt, and agrarian revolt—conditions which undermine the life of a community—are shoved into insignificant corners. And then people are distressed by agitators. They deplore them. But if they are shocked by sensationalism, why are they insensible and indifferent without it?

CALIFORNIA is considering the purchase of the Western Pacific Railroad line which parallels the old Central Pacific from San Francisco across the Sierras to Ogden in Utah. The enterprise is an extremely hazardous one for the state to undertake. The company is bankrupt, and its roadway has never been properly finished or sufficiently equipped. It lacks the connections and feeders which are essential to its transformation into a prosperous and efficient railroad. The state will be responsible not for the operation of a complete system of transportation, but for the development of such a system out of a rudimentary beginning. Finally, an American state has many disqualifications for railroad ownership, the chief of which is that the business of running a railroad is essentially an interstate enterprise. Any agency of

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responsible to an interstate constituency. If other states should follow the example of California and go into the railroad business, an almost insuperable obstacle would have been erected against the ultimate formation of a unified national railroad system. But in spite of all these objections, the actual making of this experiment by California will be followed by radicals all over the country with sympathetic interest. That state has suffered as much as, if not more, than any other state in the country from the political and economic exploitation of a powerful railroad corporation. Now that it has obtained its political freedom it naturally wants to assure its economic deliverance by securing control of the only railroad which can be made into an effective competitor to the Union and Southern Pacific. Under the circumstances it is preferable to have the experiment made under very dubious conditions than it is to lose all chance of converting the Western Pacific into an effective competitor of the older railroads.

"I HATE this school! I wish it would burn up!" wrote a boy to his mother from "one of the best preparatory schools in the country." The mother telegraphed: "Why?" and as she waited anxiously for the answer she snatched up books and articles and pondered their criticisms of "narrow and academic curricula which fail to hold the child's interest or to fit him for life." Finally the answer came: "I don't like it on account of its spirit of freedom. There's too much old self-government. You can't have any fun. It's too free!" In that boyish pose was something akin to our own occasional attitude of irony. Poor lad! No rules to break; nobody's authority to shatter; no chance for the glorious thrill of comrades with shoulders together to ram against "the system." Only the isolated effort of self-discipline, the lonely heights of liberty. That's the trouble that freedom imposes on all its champions.

THE *Immigrants in America Review*, a new quarterly, has immense possibilities before it. They come from a growing realization that immigration is a problem which begins, not ends, at Ellis Island. Safeguarding newcomers to their destination in this country, providing for their employment when they arrive and distributing them upon the land, assuring them a standard of living consistent with the social demands of a democracy, giving them the education which will enable them to become naturalized and to take part intelligently in the politics of the country—these are a few of the responsibilities which it is proposed now to

Once the terms were fixed upon which aliens could enter the country, the problem was considered to be satisfactorily disposed of. The investigations of state boards, notably of the California Commission of Immigration and Housing, have shown that the problems of immigration are inseparable from the social and industrial problems of the nation: congestion, unemployment, industrial warfare, the problem of unoccupied farm land. Individual states have attacked the question, New York by a banking law safeguarding immigrants' investments, California by improving living conditions in labor camps. But only in national clearing houses of information, land bureaus, and labor exchanges can the nation meet its responsibility to welcome instead of merely to tolerate the immigrant.

MR. Jones's first thought was that he should be happy ever after if Miss Brown would marry him. They became engaged. His second thought was that if he married Miss Brown he should be extremely unhappy. He broke the engagement. Miss Brown brought an action for breach of promise. She asked for $200,000. Mr. Jones, knowing that she had a good many of his letters, remembering that another lady had lately recovered $106,000 from another gentleman, and valuing freedom from marriage to Miss Brown at a good deal less than this sum, had a third thought. He again made Miss Brown an offer of marriage. She, being informed by her lawyers that this offer reduced to almost nothing her chance of winning her suit, withdrew the same. A few months of marriage convinced Mr. Jones that his second thought was his best. He went to Nevada, established a residence, and got a divorce. It is sometimes cheaper for a man to change his mind after marriage than before. If our laws were symmetrically logical, wouldn't they permit either divorces before marriage or breach of promise suits afterward?

A MULTIPLICITY of characters, a weakness for alliteration, and a lavishness of detail are the salient features of the New York City Directory. The book—if we may encroach for a moment upon the province of the reviewers—weighs nearly fourteen pounds and sells for about $1.30 per pound. There is a considerable feminine interest, and no prejudice against foreigners. Hyman Aachtler is obviously the hero, although his name does not appear after the first page. Chapter J. might perhaps better have been omitted, as the sections devoted to the Johnson and Jones families are somewhat monotonous. The a the

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Law and Order on the Seas

HYPNOTIZED and vanquished by the appearance of the sacred word "blockade" in the recent British notes, many important newspapers have incontinently and joyfully renounced further controversy with Great Britain. They did not even pause to inquire whether the embargo established by the Order in Council complied with the conditions essential to a legally satisfactory blockade. They did not presume to protest against the wholly illegal restrictions placed upon non-contraband trade with neutral states, bordering on Germany. With a manifest sigh of relief at their escape from an independent American position, they eagerly resumed their former allegiance to the Allies.

They could, to be sure, put up a plausible argument on behalf of their precipitate retreat. In all except its specifically legal aspects the British position presents a very formidable appearance. The "blockade" may not be technically perfect, but it does satisfy the essential condition of an honest blockade in that it is completely effective. The Allies are fully able to prevent cargoes from reaching Germany and Austria except when shipped from ports on the Baltic. Are they not entitled to the full military advantage of their control of the sea? Any trade, no matter how little it may be concerned with military supplies, is, under modern conditions, of distinct advantage to a belligerent. The distinctions between contraband and non-contraband or between absolute and conditional contraband have little real meaning now that the economical resources, equipment and organization of a nation are pressed into its military service. Germany is an armed camp in which every competent inhabitant is being used in some way for the military advantage of the nation. The camp cannot in all probability be captured, but there is some chance of reducing it by cutting off its supplies. Belligerents have always enjoyed the right to blockade a fortress by land and sea, no matter how much suffering such a blockade wrought upon innocent people within and without the fortress. The Allies are exercising this traditional belligerent right only as it must be exercised in order to make it effective. A technically perfect blockade would be costly, dangerous and comparatively useless. Why should neutrals fuss about the forms, when Great Britain is merely accomplishing in a very considerate manner a justifiable and necessary belligerent object?

Let us then shift the discussion from the basis of "judicial niceties" to that of imperative condi-

ish embargo on neutral trade with Germany is founded upon technicalities which have ceased to have any substantial importance. War is now being fought in Europe under conditions which make even such a recent document as the Declaration of London almost obsolete. If international law is to become a living expression of the conditions and ideals which should determine intercourse among civilized nations, a new definition of neutral and belligerent rights and responsibilities must be formulated and established. All this may be admitted; but if neutral countries act upon such an admission, they leave the interests of pacific trading nations at the mercy of the professional belligerents. Considering the revolutionary and destructive way in which both Great Britain and Germany are using their sea power, neutrals would be very foolish to abandon their traditional rights with no assurance of getting anything for them in exchange. They cannot compel the belligerents to observe the regular methods, but by insisting resolutely and even punctiliously upon the sanctity of traditional belligerent obligations to neutrals, they at least are keeping their standing in court. They are using the one immediately available method of preventing belligerents from rewriting the law of nations in the interest of belligerency.

The decisive objection to the Order in Council and in general to the British treatment of neutral trade turns rather upon their substance than their form. Their result has been enormously to increase the military value of sea power. The British justify the development of the blockade and the stretching of contraband on the ground that commerce of all kinds between belligerents and neutrals is, under modern conditions, of so much advantage to the belligerent that an enemy is bound wherever possible to adopt effective means to suppress it. The justification is weighty, but it justifies too much. If foreign commerce during time of war has become of such increased military advantage that a preponderant sea power can properly adopt any effective means to suppress it, sea power has become the most destructive of all weapons. It may not be absolutely decisive in the case of the present war, but if the present war had been postponed for another decade, and if in the meantime Germany had become still more dependent upon her access to foreign raw materials and food, it would unquestionably have been decisive. Moreover, the injury done to Germany from the total cessation of her foreign trade brings with it necessarily a similarly distressing injury to neutrals. Another generation of steady growth in German foreign trade might have made its uninterrupted contin-

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when the ability to keep trade routes open in time of war was vital only to Great Britain, but the time is coming when it will be equally vital to many other nations.

Thus the very conditions which are supposed to justify Great Britain in overriding all the traditional restrictions on the belligerent use of her preponderant sea power, no less imperatively demand a combination among neutral trading nations in the interest of a more rather than a less exact and comprehensive regulation of marine belligerency. All industrial nations are coming to live by international trade. Preponderant sea power is power of life and death. It is bringing with it almost as grave an international responsibility as military preponderance on land; no one nation can be permanently entrusted with the exclusive protection of commercial rights which are becoming equally vital to other nations. Indeed Great Britain has already betrayed the unsatisfactory nature of her own conception of her international obligations. She proposes to do away with all effective restrictions on the belligerent use of her sea power, and expects neutrals to be satisfied because she offers to them certain pecuniary compensations. Neutrals will not and should not consent to the establishment of any such tyranny of the sea, no matter how considerately it may be administered. They must cling to their old charter of rights until there can be ratified a new constitution which is drawn up in the interest of peaceful trade rather than in the interest of warfare.

The establishment of such a constitution under trustworthy guaranties would of course safeguard vital British interests no less than those of other countries. If Great Britain could feel certain that her trade routes would be kept open in time of war her fleet would be deprived of one of its two major duties. But Englishmen will answer that they have and can have no such certainty, and that until they do they must maintain their supremacy on the sea and assume the accompanying national and international responsibilities. Thus we get back to the difficulty which always intrudes when a proposal is made to accomplish a desirable international object by force of international agreement. The agreements are only scraps of paper. They are violated with impunity by nations whose interests are adversely affected by them. They are sustained only by nations whose interests are peculiarly imperilled by their violation. As long as this situation lasts, neutral and pacific countries will have to accept the kind of international law which probable belligerents are willing to let them have. If they want anything better, they must be struggling for democracy. You do not see Messrs

The Other-Worldliness of Wilson

WOODROW WILSON is on the side of the angels. Whether he is writing a Presidential message, a note to Carranza, or a little sermon in essay form, such as the reprinted "When a Man Comes to Himself," Mr. Wilson is unequivocally righteous. His references to this world of strife and woe are faint allusions only, thrown out with that discreet grace which no doubt characterizes the best dinner-table conversation on Olympus. His style has the air of dealing lightly with the disagreeable. Mankind and its gross appetites appear under none too descriptive adjectives like "selfish" or "cynical." Having appeared shyly, they are soon lost to sight again, as the style in ascending rhythm begins to soar into the regions where all is love and law and sweetness and light.

Mr. Wilson seems to be one of those people who shuffle off their mortal coil as soon as they take pen in hand. They become tremendously noble. They write as the monuments of great men might write. They write only upon brass, and for nothing shorter than a millennium. They utter nothing which might sound trivial at the Last Judgment, or embarrass them in the most august company. For a time they are impressive. It is magnificent to hear the accents of greatness, but for human beings it is something of a strain. It is a strain because Ideals, Souls, Spirituality, Unselfishness, Freedom and other aspects of Nobility and Purity languish unless they are nourished by the earth. Intellectually Mr. Wilson realizes this. In fact, his essay is a preachment upon finding the boundaries of the earth. "Moral enthusiasm," he says, somewhat careless of the opinions of his Cabinet, "is not, uninstructed and in itself, a suitable guide to practicable and lasting reformation." And yet moral enthusiasm is what he gives us, redeemed only by the most abstract reference to living.

It is the quality of Mr. Wilson's thinking to make even the most concrete things seem like abstractions. Technically he is perfectly aware that ideals are good for what they are good for, in the real world of moving men; actually he conveys only the most remote view of that world. His mind is like a light which destroys the outlines of what it plays upon; there is much illumination, but you see very little. What you see is certain large, crude symbols; rich men seeking power, not gold; reformers becoming statesmen; energetic small business men making good; a nation

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heim managers or Pancho Villa. The thinking of Mr. Wilson is always cleaner, more sterilized, than life itself.

The world, like an iceberg, is mainly submerged. Yet you feel when you read Mr. Wilson that he is interested almost exclusively in the fragment that points toward heaven and glistens in the sun. By his reticence he achieves a fine-looking style, but a style as remote as a Sunday morning. The excellence of his intentions no one can dare to deny; their relevance, however, is often difficult to discover. Has he taken into account, let us say, Mr. Roger Sullivan, or found a place for Senator Vardaman? Has he quite squared the idealized Democratic party of service with the actual Democratic party of the pork barrel? After fastening his career to a machine, is it altogether fair of him to talk as if he had hitched his wagon to a star?

Being too noble is dangerous business. It is the fault of most Sabbath moralties, and the cause of their sterility. When you have purged and bleached your morality into a collection of abstract nouns, you have something which is clean and white, but what else have you? Surely nothing comparable to the usefulness of that wisdom which retains the odor of the world, which shrinks from proclaiming superlatives, is sparing in grandiose phrase, and rich in tumbled experience. The makers of human wisdom put a little clay into the feet of their gods. They seem to know that mankind cannot live by golden affirmations, and when they come to themselves they come to something which is not rhetoric, but life.

Business Good-Will After War

EVER since the Franco-German war, economists and historians have dwelt upon the marvelous powers of recuperation displayed by a modern state after even a disastrous war. Especially popular are such reflections to-day, in the midst of the unlimited destruction of the greatest war of history. The war cannot last forever, and upon the restoration of peace industry will resume its wonted course; trade will revive, even between nations that are now mortal foes; Germans and Russians, French and English, will again cooperate in the work of advancing international prosperity. So it has been in the past, and so it must be in the future.

What we are apt to lose sight of when we thus derive the future from the past is that industry and trade represent a rapidly evolving part of our life, and that there are elements in the current economic situation much more sensitive to the century ago. It is easy to lay a finger on at least one such element: business good-will. This item of wealth and productive power, which did not even have a name fifty years ago, is of enormous importance to-day in domestic trade; witness the half billion annually that we devote to it under the form of advertising alone. Huge investments in good-will have been made abroad by the principal warring nations. What of the present state of this capital, and what of the chances for its recovery after the war?

So long as foreign trade consisted in exchange of staples, crude food supplies, raw materials, and simple and unvarying types of manufactured goods, there was no need to invest money and energy in creating a selling organization abroad. Wheat flows where it is wanted; it is no evidence of our international popularity or of our selling skill that the British buy our surplus. We have not concerned ourselves greatly with creating a secure market for our cotton; the foreigner might be counted on to come after it. Until our manufacturing industries reached significant growth, the British could assume a similar attitude of aloofness toward the American market for tweeds and worsted, cutlery and earthenware. Sentiment has nothing to do with this kind of trade. Immediately after the Revolution British manufacturers consigned great shipments of staple goods to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, without even waiting to learn the names of plausible consignees. Whether we liked the British or not, we were bound to take their goods. Only recently, when Russia threatened a commercial war because we denounced a treaty, we laughed in our sleeves. What Russia had been buying from us was cotton; she had to have it whether she liked us or not.

But what every industrial nation is now trying to do, and must do if she wishes a high degree of prosperity, is to sell the finer and more special products of industry. Automobiles, agricultural machinery, manufacturing equipment, articles of luxurious consumption, represent the expanding element in international trade, as, for that matter, in domestic trade. And these articles do not sell themselves. They must be "pushed." Our trade experiences in Latin America offer sufficient evidence of the necessity of assuming other than a passive part if we desire to secure orders for goods of this character.

The Germans deserve credit for perceiving more clearly than any other people the essential character of the dynamic element in modern trade. Wherever there was purchasing power that could be diverted to German products, the German

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languages and a proper understanding of the local character and customs. These German commercial houses were nowhere more numerous and active than in the very countries with which Germany is now fighting—France, England and Russia. Thanks to their efficient work, German exports were increasing before the war by leaps and bounds. However rapidly German overseas trade was developing, it lagged far behind the trade with France and Russia. Nor was there the least reason for believing that this situation would change for the worse. There is no assignable limit to the buying capacity of a rich industrial nation, cultivated intensively by expert salesmanship.

All this capital of good-will, so systematically built up by the Germans, is now wasting. We shall have acquired new tastes in dyes and drugs before the Germans can again supply us. In Latin America and the Orient the German selling organization is dispersed, or diverted to other work. In the countries at war with Germany the patient efforts of the German commercial agent have been transformed from an asset into a liability. For it is now believed that the shrewd and skilful German trader was a spy. Perhaps he was, occasionally, but trade statistics prove abundantly that there were other reasons for his presence. Nevertheless when the German dealer again appears in France and Russia and England, it will hardly be to a clientèle eager to welcome him.

Trade is a practical matter; in the long run, men will buy the better goods offered for the same money, whether from friend or foe. But above the level of staples the qualities of goods are largely a matter of taste, and taste may be fixed by sentiment. There are communities to-day that drink tea but not coffee; there are communities that abominate in tobacco flavors that are elsewhere highly esteemed. These are vagaries that the economic historian can explain in terms of conflicts over colonial trade, two hundred years ago. It is a rash prophet who will predict that present animosities will have no serious effect upon future trade movements.

There have been wars that furthered the commercial interests of nations. And no doubt there are men who expected the present war to advance one nation or another, at the expense of the rest. Among military men it was widely believed that an extension of colonial dominion would bring commercial gains sufficient to compensate for the immediate losses of even an important war. Let us suppose that Germany should acquire Morocco and Madagascar—two of the best colonies in the world. No amount of trade stimulation could make those colonies take as large a volume of high with a properly conserved business good-will. Commercial gain through war between industrial nations is purely an anachronism.

Sidetracking Labor

OUT of the investigation into the rates of the New York Telephone Company in New York City has emerged the amazing fact that the fiscal policy of that corporation, like that of other large public service corporations, is determined without reference to its employees. The investigation was undertaken by the Public Service Commission and later complicated by a joint committee of the New York legislature, the Foley Committee. The Committee reported that the New York Telephone Company's profits were excessive. The Public Service Commission of the State of New York took action and recommended that the telephone company reduce its charges to subscribers and thereby decrease its net income approximately $3,000,000 a year.

Obviously the beneficiaries of such a reduction would be the subscribers. Both the Foley Committee and the Public Service Commission considered the question at issue to be one of combining good service to the consumer with a fair return to the stockholder. The parties to the controversy were on the one hand the officers of the company who represented the stockholders, and on the other the Public Service Commission which, as it seems, represents the consumer. It remained for the National Consumers' League to point out that all the negotiations had been conducted without reference to a third group whose welfare would be or should be materially at stake in any alteration of the earnings or the policy of the telephone company, namely, the employees of the company.

Mrs. Florence Kelly, general secretary of the National Consumers' League, wrote to the president of the Telephone Company, pointing out that the wages of the women telephone operators in the employ of the company were lower than would support them in health without assistance from parents or otherwise, and suggested that the excess profits of $3,000,000 be distributed not by reducing rates to telephone users but by establishing a minimum wage for telephone girls.

Under the present scale of wages the telephone industry does not pay its own labor costs. The industry is subsidized in so far as it is necessary for parents, relatives, or other agents to contribute to the support of the workers in it. The standard of dress and the clear-headed efficiency which the company requires of its tele-

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home and are supported in part by their families. The working career of operators is a short one. Whether this is because, as the telephone company maintains, the percentage of its employees who leave to get married is abnormally high, or whether the wages are so low that telephone operators soon turn to other industries, is debatable. In any case both the public and the company would be better served if wages were fixed at a minimum which would enable the workers to maintain themselves decently and in good health, and induce those less desperately determined on marriage to remain in the service. To the company's contention that it supplies healthful workrooms, rest and lunch rooms, and pensions, the Consumers' League replies that these things are essential to efficient labor, and cannot be accepted as substitutes for adequate wages.

What is asked of the consumer in the present case is that he should forego participation in the profits by having rates reduced, in favor of enabling the industry to support its workers. This procedure was adopted at Chicago in the rate adjustment of 1912-13, when pensions to employees and a raise in wages were made conditional upon moderating the proposed reduction in telephone rates which the Chicago Commission had recommended. At the hearings before the New York Public Service Commission a representative of the Consumers' League endeavored to bring out the fact that one of the elements which determine a "fair rate," that is, the wages and consequently the standard of living and efficiency of employees, had been neglected in the investigations. The Commission were careful to exclude these remarks from the record as irrelevant, although the attorney for the company admitted that, so far as he knew, "no information appeared on this record either regarding the amount of the wages paid to the operators, or as to our treatment of our operators." He pointed out that the company has at all times taken into consideration the welfare of its operators, and that wages had been the subject of a separate investigation.

The Public Service Commission in excluding this conversation from the record as irrelevant subscribed to the principle that wage adjustments are not part of the business arrangements between the public and the public service corporation. If the company chooses to be benevolent it can pay a decent wage and "look after its employees' welfare." It is even desirable at times to appoint committees to investigate whether the company is benevolent. This is to deny to labor its right of representation in controversies which must ulti-

coincide with those of the stockholders, even though employees are permitted to subscribe to stock; or that the consumer's interests and those of the employee do not conflict. For the consumer, as consumer, is interested mainly in getting the best possible service for the lowest possible wage. When the consumer becomes a human being he sometimes inquires into the conditions of labor in the industry which is serving him. Meanwhile, admitting that labor has interests to safeguard and that they conflict with those of consumers and stockholders, we have the alternative of continuing to conduct official proceedings as though only stockholders and consumers were involved. Or we can make labor the third party in all disputes as to policy, financial agreements, the terms of service, between public service corporations and the public. That is the only way to meet the charge that public service commissions, courts when they deal with matters of public service corporation finance, and other agencies of government, are merely the instruments of adjusting differences between consumers and stockholders. In so far as these agencies represent the public, they must give voice or at least a hearing to that part of the public which is labor.

There is no longer question as to the relevancy of the demand which is made on behalf of labor. Industrial adjustments have become too fine for anyone to doubt that any step which is taken in the conduct of industry will have an effect ultimately on the workers. And if, having realized and admitted that what labor demands is only the right to be heard and to have its claims weighed, we deny that appeal for participation in industrial democracy, we justify labor in using the means which it possesses of making itself a belligerent in industrial warfare.

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Schools in Gary

WITH unconscious irony a local newspaper describes Judge Gary as coming away from a visit to the public schools "amazed at the excellence of the educational system in the town bearing his name." That these schools, challenging, in their democratic organization and opportunity, their versatility and joy of initiative, most of the ideas and principles upon which enterprises like those of Judge Gary's have been founded, should have arisen in any town bearing his name, is one of those ironical accidents that will happen. The Steel Corporation is perhaps not averse to the advertising that comes from the prevailing impression that these schools were somehow the result of enlightened philanthropy. As a matter of fact, the only discoverable connection between the Corporation and the schools is the long conflict between the School Board and the Steel officials, who were convinced that the schools that were good enough for their fathers were good enough for their children, who refused the necessary sites and playgrounds, who drove the new schools to unfavorable locations for which they charged unrelenting prices.

I went to Gary expecting to find an industrial town manipulated and controlled by the Steel Corporation. Instead I found a typically varied American city with an unusually well-built business section, attractive residences, handsome public buildings and churches, trolley-cars and taxicabs, and a sense of settledness and community life unusual even for a much older town. In these days of fluctuating population a new town is of no more significance than a new house. The pioneering stage is telescoped into a few months, and all the appurtenances of civilization are at once at hand. Though the Steel Corporation "founded" Gary in the sense that it sold the land, there was no ambition for responsible control. The opportunity for building a model town which should embody all the modern ideas of scientific and artistic town-planning did not appeal to it. The Corporation did banish frame buildings from Broadway, but with this soaring flight its town-planning imagination seems to have become fatigued. For the rest, the land was sold as rapidly and exorbitantly as possible, and the town grew in regular checkerboard fashion across the wastes of the sand-dunes. With characteristic foresight, the steel-works and the other big industries took possession of the lake-front, so that the town has had to jockey long and arduously for a water-side park. Except for these massed factories along the lake, and the rather congested [illegible] from Southeastern Europe, Gary has all the aspect of a commercial rather than an industrial center. It is the focus of the county trade, and the extent of its business and middle-class residential districts is rather larger than that in neighboring towns, or indeed in most of the Chicago suburbs. The native American element decidedly predominates, in striking contrast to the next town, which has practically a Polish government. Gary in fact represents, for an American city of its size, a rather unusually harmonious distribution of social classes and races, occupations and interests.

The Gary schools have not developed as a philanthropic enterprise, nor as an attempt to meet conditions in a very specialized community. Their success must be ascribed almost entirely to the personal genius of Mr. William Wirt. Whatever advantage he had in the possession of a virgin field in which to work out his ideas was offset by the obstructiveness with which the ideas were met. Yet this very opposition slowly developed a public interest and support which has been Mr. Wirt's chief asset. By his rare qualities of patience and democratic good-will he seems to have enlisted the support of an unusually capable school board. Even so, his success has a flavor of the miraculous about it. In eight years the population of the town has grown from 300 to 35,000. As a new town it was relatively poor. Mr. Wirt has been hampered by stupid state laws which, among other things, cause tax-appraisals to lag two years behind actual land values. He has been forced to pay metropolitan prices for labor and construction. He has had to rely upon the ordinary teaching-force procured by the prevailing state salaries.

Yet in this short time, with this leaping movement of population, he has been able to provide full-time day-school instruction for every child, as well as evening-school instruction for an even greater number of adults. With over 5,000 children and 6,000 adults in the schools, there is something pardonable in the Gary boast that every third person in the town goes to school. Not only this, but the schools in Gary provide what is probably the most varied and stimulating course of public instruction in the United States, as well as an equipment of buildings which in beauty and convenience are not, I think, surpassed. All this has been done with the lowest tax rate in the county, and a per capita cost of instruction less than that paid by the city of Chicago, with its overcrowded and poorly-equipped

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priate any increased proportion of its resources for education; "better schools" must come through an intensive cultivation of present resources. It has been done also with none of the spirit of the "efficiency expert" or mechanical administrator. The philosophy behind it is of the most thoroughgoing democratic and libertarian kind. Mr. Wirt acknowledges his debt to John Dewey, and indeed the schools of Gary are, I believe, the first consistent and whole-hearted attempt to apply Dewey's educational philosophy.

It is pleasant to find Mr. Wirt himself an equally significant person. He suggests in his personality that pioneer stock of the Middle West that some of us regard as the real America. His unaffected democracy, his reserve and resourcefulness, his dignity of manner, take the imagination back to the old American strain, with its fusion of serious practicality and adventuring idealism. He is the type of man that was always at the back of Emerson's mind. He has all the seriousness of intellect which so much amuses the English. Mr. Wirt is a thoroughly indigenous product. And he is essentially a rural product. He thinks in terms of the country community, rather than of the metropolitan city.

"The public school is still merely the old private school publicly supported," he says. The change of support has not really made it a different kind of a school. It has not really grown up to urban demands. School-boards usually act as if they were handling private property. They gravely discuss "wider use of the school plant" as if this were some gracious extension of privilege. The public does not yet feel that the schools are its own. Organization, administration, instruction, are highly authoritative, doctrinaire. The ideal has been uniformity in methods and product. The educational system has become as autocratic and military as the industrial. As for content, the curriculum is the old mediaeval one, not transformed, but patched up, in the good old Anglo-Saxon way, as interests which had been the concern of the few were gradually demanded by the many. Art study, nature study, physical education, science, organized play, manual training, have been added to the public school work. But these new interests and activities have become simply additional "subjects," taught in much the same spirit as the old. The problem of the educator has been, not how may the new activity vitalize and transform the others, but how can it be introduced with the least disturbance to what is already there. The present discussion of professional educators about vocational training shows the same mechanical effort to introduce an alien activity into the traditional curriculum in such manner that the

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the present school system. He is not an "educational reformer" making something over. He has ploughed up the educational ground. He actually has a new kind of a school. It is not a "school of unspecialized vocational training," or " a school founded on play," or an "efficiency school," or any of the other terms with which it has been designated. It is hard to describe because it defies classification in the old terms. Nothing is more delightful about the Gary schools than the absence of cant. Most of the current educational problems, the books and ideas on pedagogy, educational psychology, supervision, administration, teaching-methods, classroom management, discipline, etc., which fill the attention of the current educational world, are here as if they were not. It is a school built up outside the influence of the professors of education, the teachers' colleges, and the normal schools of the land. It is true that there is probably not a single idea operative that is original with Mr. Wirt. Probably there is not a single idea that is not being applied in some school in the country. The novelty is the synthesis, and the democratic spirit that motivates it.

Here is provided for the first time a genuine public school, a school which does reflect all the healthy interests of the community, and where the child does become familiar with its life and with his own interests and vocational opportunities through practical doing of work. The school becomes "a clearing-house for community life." How Mr. Wirt has worked out these ideas at Gary I shall hope to show later in detail.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

Henry Sydnor Harrison

THERE is to the critic an intellectual satisfaction in the game of literary genealogy, although he may recognize that it is even less profitable than human genealogizing. For in literature, as in life, the highest accomplishment comes through a discreet forgetting of one's ancestors—at least a complete absorption of them into the marrow of one's soul—rather than by parading them too obviously in the record. Until a creative writer has achieved a self that baffles the literary genealogist, he can hardly be well set for the long journey towards immortality.

In the case of Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, who as yet has challenged criticism but thrice, at prudent intervals, the invitation to the genealogist is irresistible. The author of "Queed" and of "V. V.'s Eyes," is—to adopt the breeder's homely idiom—"by Meredith out of Dickens," and every-

Sterne, which amounts simply to saying that among many more excellent things Dickens was a sentimentalist. In "Queed" it was the sentimental side of the Dickens blood that showed most, at least in the critical memory. If that strain had persisted in the development of this young American novelist it might have encouraged remarks on the pervasively sentimental squint that American literature has derived from this strain in its complex inheritance, and further, on the curse of literary sentimentality in a country where to be popular all fiction must be "sweet." In "V. V.'s Eyes," however, if my slight intimacy with the story has not betrayed me, there was less of Dickens than of Sterne—an oddly revalued Sterne, which the great master of sentiment might not himself have recognized. By comparison with "Queed," or with its successor, it was not yet Harrison.

In that successor, "Angela's Business," the other side of the family tree has come to the front. The mark of Meredith lies, perhaps too frankly, over its clever pages, curbing the sentimentalism, steadying the elusive style. Meredithian is the skilful coquetry of the author with his themes; Meredithian, his habit of reducing life to a philosophical abstraction to be reclothed decently enough with human flesh; Meredithian, his thrifty extraction to the last drop of conceivable entertainment of all that his material contains; above all, Meredithian, the intensely self-conscious manner of hovering in a humorous detachment above his creation. And one might add also that it is a slightly pale American Meredith, with a provincial frugality of real matter.

If one must have literary ancestors it is well to choose them wisely, and there are few better strains in the world of modern letters than the Meredith one, which is an intellectual stock. Safer, surely, than Dickens! And in literature the lesser stocks seem to transmit their traits more sharply than the greater. But the trouble with notable ancestors is that if one benefits from the support of their strength, one suffers the danger of their weakness; and in literary ancestors it is the weakness that is usually handed down. Meredith's weaknesses are his self-consciousness—as an artist he rarely has had the abnegation to obliterate himself, as in the greatest things the artist must—and his intellectual habit of abstraction. Both of these weaknesses are apparent in "Angela's Business," and temper the very real pleasure it offers.

Angela's business, to be plain, is the every-woman's business of securing a husband and home for herself, and Mr. Harrison's business [illegible] woman business. Mr. Harrison adroitly disguises his lead, mystifying the reader as to his real sympathies in the contest until the conclusion, when, as in an epilogue to an old play, he steps out of the wings and puts his intention straight over the footlights at the reader like this: "It's an old-fashioned romance from a new-fashioned point of view." Also he states his moral in the quite earnest and moving paragraph in which he celebrates the virtues of the variety of new woman whom his author-hero—the eternal masculine having demonstrated his title to hero by physical violence in honor of the woman—approves with his love:

> She was a school-teacher, thirty years old. Life had buffeted her: hard contacts with the real world had left upon her their permanent marks. . . . The woman's first youth, her April bloom, was gone forever. . . .
>
> This was his best old friend, this was the being he admired most upon earth. She was his dearest comrade, his work-fellow and his playmate, his human free and equal. She had a mind as good as his, a spirit whose integrity he respected no less than his own; hands that were capable and feet that she stood upon, and did not depend. She had an honor that was not woman's honor, a virtue and character that had no part with the business of sex. There was no competence a man had that this woman did not have; she was as versatile and thoughtful and fearless and free as the best of them. And through and beyond all this there was the discovered marvel, that she had tilled and kept sweet the garden of her womanhood.

Very handsome praise, this, for any variety of New Woman! It is piquantly stimulating to have arrived at this perfectly sound conclusion wherein the New Woman is seen to possess the supposed virtues of the Old (Womanly) Woman with many valuable improvements, whereas the Old (Womanly) Woman is discovered to be a shallow, selfish counterfeit of True Womanhood, after having worshiped at either altar—New and Old—along the road at the will of the author. The difficulty in this neat Hegelianism in which the summary is found to contain all that is good of the opposed propositions and none of the bad, is betrayed by the liberal use of capitalization, which I have borrowed from Mr. Harrison. He sees his theme abstracted as New and Old, typified, to be sure, in several examples of provincial American womanhood. He is precise and careful and consistent with his Types. They tell all that types should, not one word more. The mistake is in thinking in types. That makes the theme a Subject—to

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limated argument from example, full of dexterous observations. And that, alas, is what Meredith has done for at least one young Modern, to borrow Mr. Harrison's term for his author-hero.

It follows that "Angela's Business" is an excellently animated and frequently amusing treatise in the noisy field of feminism, smartly summing up many points of view and engagingly setting them forth with appropriate examples. But life is neither so subtle as the Meredithians see it nor so typical. It is not at all typical, and the author who thinks he has discovered a type should straightway forget it. Life contains innumerable instances and modifications, and modifications of modifications. The Angelas that so slyly disguise selfishness and stupidity beneath the charms of maidenhood, and the characterful Marys who balance charm with ability, are both the creations of a mind with Ideas, not the simple offerings of life. The fact is, which I have no doubt Mr. Harrison has already anticipated me in perceiving, that there is no true type of the New Woman, any more than of the Old Woman; there are many women, with modifications of old and new impulses in infinite variety—let us be thankful! And the Newness and the Oldness, when isolated from a containing vessel of special personality, become unreal and—boresome. Obviously changing conditions, economic and other, are creating interesting modifications of woman character, which it is the opportunity of the novelist to report. And of late the novelist has seized upon this inviting subject avidly, as Mrs. Norris in "Saturday's Child," and Mrs. Watts in "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Both these novels set forth the characters of modernized women, but Jennie and Susan are not pegs of example, draped abstractions of the thinking mind. They are women and exemplify no Question, except the question of living, which they illustrate quite as modernly as the admirable Mary Wing, and more richly. Mr. Harrison as a Meredithian is a cleverer writer, a more light-fingered novelist, than either Mrs. Watts or Mrs. Norris. But he does not dip so deep nor bring up so much in his net, nor has he made his very own his recovered treasures. Is it possible that women are to write the best stories of men and women in this coming woman-era? In America, at least, it looks that way.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Spring Campaign in France

WHILE Lord Kitchener fixed May Day for the real beginning of the war, signs are multiplying that long before that time the Allies will have begun their operations in France. The recent desperate fighting about Neuve Chapelle, where the British won their first considerable offensive battle since the expeditionary army landed, is fairly to be taken as an evidence of the opening of a new phase.

What then is likely to be the character of this new offensive of the Allies? Where are they likely to strike and why? These are questions which will puzzle the world for many weeks to come, and all attempts to answer them in advance must be hazardous and purely speculative. There are nevertheless certain indications, certain disclosures of the winter fighting, which may prove useful in making any such forecast.

First it is necessary to examine the geographical conditions and the railroad circumstances of the German position in France. Roughly speaking, this position may be described as two sides of a triangle, which has for its base the Franco-Belgian [illegible] of the probable character of the spring serious operations, which must be considered in any Paris. Oddly enough, the strongest part of the long German line is precisely that which is nearest to the French capital. Thus from Noyon north to the Somme and again from that town east to Rheims, the German line runs along the crest of the Champagne hills. East of the Oise it is solidly based upon the French forts of the La Fere-Laon-Rheims system, from Noyon to Péronne it is equally strongly protected by the forts and trenches which the Germans have erected on the hills west of the Oise.

All attempts to force the portion of the German lines from Noyon to Rheims terminated in January, when the French were driven down the first slopes north of the Aisne and across that stream. West of the Oise and south of the Somme the French have made no progress since October first, when they were swept out of St. Quentin and Péronne by a German counter-offensive. But north of Péronne, between Arras and Lille, and east of Rheims between that city and the Argonne, the Allied troops have recently been engaged in very

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the examination of the railway lines on which the Germans depend for their existence in northern France. The larger number of these railroads are found fairly close to the sides of the triangle described. Thus an advance by the Anglo-French forces on a front from Arras to Lille would very shortly begin to cut and cross railroads of utmost importance to the Germans. East from Arras a thirty mile advance would take the Allies to Valenciennes, destroying all the main German railway lines save the Maubeuge-St. Quentin road, and would drive a wedge between the Germans in France and in Belgium.

Such a success would almost inevitably turn the Germans out of the Champagne hills and throw their front back almost to the frontier. For the Allies such an advance has an appeal, because in the main it would be made over level plains, while to the south the country is rough and gives the defenders far greater advantages, and to the north the forts of Lille bar the way. At the present moment the extreme German advance post is at La Bassée, a hill rising out of the plain for less than fifty feet, but commanding the country for miles about. It was at this point that the British campaign in Flanders broke down in late October. The Neuve Chapelle fight was an effort to turn the Germans out of La Bassée by outflanking them.

As to the country between Rheims and the Argonne, it will be seen that the situation is very similar. Here the French are seeking to advance on a broad front along the highway and railroads connecting Chalons with Rethel. They have long been halted just north of Souain. Could they push forward some twenty-five miles they would then be on the Rheims-Rethel-Mézières railway, the trunk line on which depend all the German forces in France east of Laon and west of the Argonne. Such an advance would put the French on the flank and at the rear of the Germans before Rheims and compel their retreat. It would interpose between the German army in Champagne and that before Verdun. Could it be pushed north again from Rethel to Mézières it would cut the Strassburg-Metz-Calais line, by which the Germans have been accustomed to move corps from Alsace to Artois and Flanders whenever occasion arose. Such a transfer defeated the great French flanking movement at St. Quentin in October.

A glance at a map will show that these two Allied operations, that from Flanders and that from Champagne, if pushed ahead far enough, would actually meet at Namur. Such an operation may be likened to the closing of a pair of pincers. Each step, too, would be accompanied by the eliminat-

campaign to which the Allied efforts during the winter point. It is also the plan of campaign which satisfies the questions of geography and railroads most completely.

As to Franco-Belgian operations about the Yser and the French campaign in Alsace, both have a value, the former as it imperils the hold of the Germans on the coast about Ostend, the latter as it carries the French toward the Rhine; but neither seems to be comparable in actual possibilities to the Champagne and Flanders operations.

Assuming that the Allied attacks will come in these two provinces, what are their chances of success? Any answer to this question must be based upon an estimate of the forces engaged, and such an estimate is necessarily inexact. Yet French and British reports continue to insist that the Germans have in the West not less than forty-seven army corps, or about 2,000,000 of all arms. To meet this host the French have perhaps an equal number. That the Anglo-Belgian force may presently amount to twenty corps, or some 800,000, seems a fair estimate. Perhaps it may be a reasonable forecast to estimate that the Germans will be outnumbered in the proportion of three to two on the Western front.

But is such an advantage sufficient to permit the Allies to carry out their plans? The success of the British the other day in carrying a strong position would seem to hold out promise. Yet there is general agreement that for four miles gained they paid as high as 10,000 in casualties, while the Germans declare their own losses were but 6,000 as compared with the 19,700 estimate of the Allied "eyewitness." The affair was confessedly brilliant, but there is not the smallest sign that it had anything but incidental meaning. If one German line was pierced, the advance was promptly checked by other lines in the rear.

From the Champagne operation it is even clearer how desperate is the undertaking. German estimates of the French losses here are as high as 45,000. These may be exaggerated, but what is certain is that at heavy cost the French have so far failed to make any considerable progress, have in fact gained less in two months of strife than the British by a single lucky attack. The British advance was preceded by a terrific artillery duel, in which the British artillery seems to have been far superior in weight to the German, so much so that the German fire was smothered. This is an evident adaptation of German tactics. Given a continuing superiority of this sort, and British advance seems certain to be steady. But no such complete

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Germans were making marked progress about St. Eloi on the road to Ypres.

What prospect or hope the Allies have of freeing France this spring it is of course impossible to say. The forecasts of non-military men are worthless, and military men are averse to making forecasts. Yet it is a fact that practically every artillery officer in the American army is firmly convinced that the Allies have not yet either numbers or guns to turn the Germans out of France—much less Belgium, and that the campaign will continue in the trenches after the first desperate attacks of the French and British have brought casualties which are beyond the resources of the Allies.

The entrance of Italy into the war, the collapse of Austria-Hungary, new Russian successes of a sort that Russia has not yet won—these may easily modify the situation by compelling the withdrawal of sufficient numbers of Germans to produce a more favorable ratio between the attack and the defense. Short of this, however, it is necessary to say that there is little support to be found in American military circles, where the question is studied without any but professional arguments having influence, for the belief that the Allies can drive the Germans out of France this spring or this summer.

On the other hand there is equal conviction that Germany cannot hope to make further considerable advance, and that an effort to resume the offensive either in Belgium or northern France would be certain to bring new losses such as made the battle of the Yser and Ypres another Borodino. Prophecy is idle, but most informed prophets expect a prolongation of the deadlock through the present season.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

The Decline of Nightcaps

IT sounds like the tinkle of triviality to descend from the stern business of this present time to write of nightcaps. And yet, while the discordant battles are puffing their cheeks upon the rumbling bass pipes, it is relief if there be intermingled a small, shrill treble—any slightest squeak outside the general woe.

There was a time when the chief issue of fowl was feather-beds. Some few tallest and straightest feathers, maybe, were used on women's hats, and a few of better nib than common were set aside for poets' use—goose feathers in particular being fashioned properly for the softer flutterings, whether of love or spring; but in the main the manifest destiny of a feather was a feather-bed. snuffling rheums, coughings, hackings and other fleshly ills, required you, before kicking off the final slippers, to shut the windows against what were believed to be the dank humors of the night. Nor was this enough. You slept, of course, in a four-post bed; and the curtains had to be pulled together beyond the peradventure of a cranny. Then as a last prophylaxis you put on a nightcap. Mr. Pickwick's was tied under the chin like a sunbonnet and the cords dangled against his chest, but this was a matter of taste. It was behind such triple rampart that you slept, and were adjudged safe from the foul contagion of the dark. Consequently your bed was not exactly like a little boat. Rather it was like a Pullman sleeper, which, as you will remember, was invented early in the nineteenth century and stands as a monument to its wisdom.

I have marvelled at the ease with which Othello strangled Desdemona. Further thought gives it explanation. The poor girl was half suffocated before he laid hands on her. I find also solution of Macbeth's enigmatic speech, "Wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep." Any dream that could get at you through the circumvallation of glass, brocade, cotton and feathers could be no better than a quadruplicated housebreaker, compounded out of desperate villainies.

Reader, have you ever purchased a pair of pajamas in London? This is homely stuff I write, yet there's pathos in it. That jaunty air betokens the beginning of your search, before question and reiteration have dulled your spirits. Later there will be less sparkle in your eye. What! Do not the English wear pajamas? Does not the sex that is bifurcated by day keep by night to its manly bifurcation? Is not each separate leg swathed in complete divorcement from its fellow? Or, womanish, do they rest in the common dormitory of a shirt de nuit? The Englishman does wear pajamas, but the word with him takes on an Icelandic meaning. They are built to the prescription of an Eskimo. They are woolly, fuzzy and the width of a finger thick. If I were a night-watchman, "doom'd for a certain term to walk the night," I should insist on English pajamas to keep me awake. If Saint Sebastian, who, I take it, wore sackcloth for the glory of his soul, could have lighted on the pair of pajamas that I bought on Oxford Circus, his halo would have burned the brighter.

Just how the feather and billowy nights of our great-grandparents were changed into the present is too deep for explanation. Perhaps Annie left a door or window open—such neglect fitting

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the noses of the sleepers. At least there was no evidence of such a visitation, unless the snoring that abounded all the night did proceed from the pinching of the nose—the nasal orifice being so clamped betwixt the forefinger and the thumb of these devilish sprites that the breath was denied its proper channel. Unless snoring was so caused, it is clear that no ooph had clambered through the window.

Or perhaps some brave man—a brother to him who first ate an oyster—put up the window out of bravado, to snap thereby his fingers at the forms of darkness, and being found whole and without blemish or mark of witch upon his throat, and without catarrhal snuffling in his nose, of a consequence caused the harsh opinion against the night to be softened.

Or maybe some younger woman threw up her window to listen to the slim tenor of moonlight passion with such strumming business as accompanied tinkling of cithern or mandolin, and so, with chin in hand, she sighed her soul abroad, to the result that the closing was forgotten. It is like enough that her dreams were all the sweeter for the breeze that blew across her bed, loaded with the rhythmic memory of what words she had heard within the night.

It was vanity killed the nightcap. What aldermanic man would risk the chance of seeing himself in the mirror? What judge, peruked by day, could so contain his learned locks? What male with waxed moustachios or with limpest beard or chin new-reaped would put his ears in such a compress? You will recall how Mr. Pickwick snatched his off when he found the lady in the curl-papers in his room. His round face showed red with shame against the dusky bed-curtains, like the sun peering through the fog.

As for bed-curtains, they served the intrigue of at least five generations of novelists from Fielding onward. There was not a rogue's tale of the eighteenth century complete without them. The wrong persons were always being pinned up inside them. The cause of such confusion started in the tap, too much negus, or an over-drop of pine-apple rum with a lemon in it, or a potent drink whose name I have forgotten that was always ordered and "make it luke, my dear." Then, after such evening, a turn to the left instead of right, a wrong counting of doors along the passage, the jiggling of bed-curtains, screams and consternation. It is one of the seven original plots. Except for clothes-closets, screens and bed-curtains, Sterne must have gone out of the novel business, Sheridan have lost fecundity, and Dryden starved

A sleeping-porch is the symbol of the friendly truce between man and the material universe. The world itself and the void spaces of its wanderings, together with the elements of our celestial neighborhood, have been viewed by man with dark suspicion, with rather a squint-eyed prejudice. Let's take a single case. Winds for a long time have borne bad reputations—except such anaemic collateral as are called zephyrs—but winds, properly speaking, which are big and strong enough to have rough chins and beards coming have been looked upon as roustabouts. What was mere humor in their behavior has been set down to mischief. If a wind in playfulness does but shake a casement, or if in frolic it scatters the ashes across the hearth, or if in liveliness it swishes you as you turn a corner and drives you aslant across the street, is it right that you set your tongue to gossip and judge it a son of Belial?

There are persons also—but such sleep indoors—in whose ears the wind whistles only gloomy tunes. Or if it rise to shrill piping, it rouses only a fear of chimneys. Thus in both high pitch and low there is fear in the hearing of it. Into their faces will come a kind of God-help-the-poor-sailors-in-the-channel look, as in a melodrama when the paper snowstorm is at its worst and the wind-machine is straining at its straps. One would think that they were afraid the old earth itself might be buffeted off its course and fall afoul of neighboring planets.

But behold the man whose custom is to sleep upon a porch! At what slightest hint—the night being yet young, with scarce three yawns gone rounds—does he shut his book and screen the fire. With what speed he bolts the door and puts out the down-stairs lights, lest callers catch him in the business. How briskly does he mount the stairs with fingers already on the buttons. Then with what scattering of garments he makes him ready, as though his explosive speed had blown him to pieces and lodged him all about the room.

Then behold him—such general amputation not having proved fatal—advancing to the door, muffled like a monk. There is a slippered flight. He dives beneath the covers. (I draw you a winter picture.) You will see no more of him now than the tip of his nose, rising like a little Aetna from the waves. Does *he* fear the wind as it fumbles around the porch and plays like a kitten with the awning cords? Bless you, he has become a playmate of the children of the night—the swaying branches, the stars, the swirl of leaves—all the romping children of the night. And if there was any fear at all within the darkness, it

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too short. Then the wind goes round and round the house looking for the leaves—for the wind is a bit of a nursemaid—and wherever it finds them it tucks them in, under fences and up against cellar windows where they will be safe until morning. Then it goes off on other business, for there are other streets in town and a great many leaves to be attended to.

But the fellow with the periscopic nose above the covers lies on his back beneath the stars, and contemplation journeys to him from the wide spaces of the night. CHARLES S. BROOKS.

The Prosperous War

WHEN I was last in England in the late winter of 1911, the country was full of wretched unemployed. Piccadilly and Regent Street, Belgravia and Whitechapel, swarmed with tattered men and bedraggled women. Everywhere were white, pinched faces. Hundreds of old men—not quite old enough to receive the belated and grudging pensions paid by the government—stood, broom in hand, at street corners, and swept crossings already clean. Other men sat on the cold pavements and painted ships and kings and lovers, and thanked you for the pennies you flung to them. You could not take a cab from a railway station without starting some emaciated wretch on the run, and you did not arrive at your lodgings before the panting man came up to offer unnecessary help in opening your cab door or carrying your baggage. Women in ludicrous sailor hats and sagging filthy skirts, young women beneath the notice even of those who recruit for sailors' dives, passed inconsequently from street to street, with no seeming purpose or destination, unconscious witnesses to the brutality and senselessness of the civilization which produces them. I had never before in any industrial community seen so many unconsidered and superfluous individuals.

To-day when England is engaged upon a great war, testing her strength and her courage, this economic distress seems largely to have passed. There is of course suffering in the horrible little pig-pens called houses that one comes upon in all sorts of unexpected quarters, for there are cold rooms and empty stomachs to-day as there were four years ago. But the general impression is one of relative prosperity, of high wages and steady employment. England has made the transition from a peace to a war footing with a minimum of suffering. Of course prices are high—inordinately high. The Russian wheat carriers are bottled up in the Black Sea, and wheat is dearer than at any time in fifty years. Coal is also expensive, as are meat and eggs and milk. The cost of living has risen fifteen or twenty per cent, and [illegible] heavy upon those who are on fixed

In many cases, however, wages have been raised, and in all cases employment has become more steady. In August when the great dislocation came, when for the moment shipping, markets, raw material and credit seemed all swept away, unemployment spread rapidly, but month by month this unemployment diminished, until now (in February) it is lower than for many years. In fact the British workman since September has been chronically over-employed, so much so that the nervous tension under which he has worked is beginning to show here and there in growing distaste for a war which drags itself out interminably.

The better employment of men is due to the enormous requirements of the recruiting office and the commissary department. Two million men taken from industry at a time when the demand for boots, clothes, guns and ships is at a maximum, means that all with any industrial capacity—even the semi-unemployables—can get jobs if they want them. The proprietor of the little hotel in which I live complains bitterly that his chef, who has never earned more than £2 a week, now audaciously demands £3. As for porters, it is impossible to get or keep one. Everywhere I go I run into the same signals of distress. The farmers are in urgent need of farm laborers, and to get them are willing to do anything—except pay high wages. The sign, "Boy Wanted," is almost as conspicuous in London as that other sign, "England expects that every man will do his duty." In the newspapers the columns devoted to "Situations Required" are scant, while the "Situations Vacant" spread all over the page. London needs junior clerks and mantle-makers and packers and photographers and stewards and tailors, and smart lads, respectful and with hair plastered flat upon the head, "for office work."

When two employers compete for the services of a workman it is good for the workman. There is a truce between the great unions and employers' associations, for England feels that her industries dare not be interrupted if her armies are to keep the field. In certain of the great trades the gov-

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that, strike or no strike, wages will rise, and that an increase in the amount of employment will be accompanied by higher wages per hour. It is only fair that this should be so, for high prices must be met by high wages. There is no other way.

The situation of working women is much worse. There is no need for them in the trenches, and the industries benefited by the war have not always been those in which women are predominant. There is still much unemployment among women, and work-shops have been started in London where girls are paid ten shillings a week and the product is given to the poor. But even here conditions are improving. You cannot raise the level of demand at one end of industry without raising it everywhere. In many places women are taking the places of men, though this is being done to a less extent than I believe is the case in France and Germany.

The other day I met a woman to whom this war has been an unmitigated blessing. Long ago her husband deserted her and for ten years she has kept herself and her four little children by working at a bag factory and earning ten shillings. Two dollars and a half a week is not much for an adult and four growing children in London. "If I had to live my life over again," she told me—"well, I simply wouldn't do it." But with the war her chance came. A man cook, who earned I do not know what fabulous wage, enlisted to fight the "Huns" and the "pirates," and his job was offered to the woman at three shillings a day, at eighteen shillings a week. She had never cooked before, but five weeks have passed and there have been no complaints. May the fatal conflict continue forever!

I should not be at all surprised if the situation of the working women would gradually improve through the removal of many married women from the factory. The employment of married women is enormously greater in England than in the United States, just as the wages of women are much lower. But the wives of soldiers are now receiving an allowance from the government which in not a few cases is higher than was the entire family wage before the war. As the wife of a private receives 12/6 per week for herself and 2/6 for each child in moderation, a woman with five children may receive twenty-five shillings a week. Her husband may be killed at any moment by shrapnel or bayonet, but he does not drink up his earnings, and she is therefore released from certain purely economic worries. The benevolent government is in fact [illegible]

judgment and waste all this wealth in the "pub" and in dissipation? Grave ministers of state have seriously considered the question of keeping all these affluent women under the "discreet and tactful supervision of the police."

With all limitations, however, it is undoubtedly true that on the whole the masses of the British people feel the war but slightly. It is a prosperous war. The tobacconist around the corner, from whom I buy cigarettes, tells me that business was never better, and the grocer and the butcher and others of my neighbors tell me much the same story. The situation is in some respects like that in the North during our own Civil War, except that England is an industrial and not an agricultural community, and is on a gold basis, whereas in the Civil War the United States was on a paper basis. But in both countries there was a great impulse to industry, with resulting high wages, steady employment and increased prices.

The real burden of the war will come later—after peace has been declared. It is easier to go from a peace to a war footing than from a war to a peace footing. What is to become of the two million, or it may be three million men, who are to be honorably discharged at the conclusion of peace? What is to become of the working women who have replaced the men at the front? May not wages in many cases have been reduced to the level at which women are willing to work? The capital of Great Britain and indeed of the whole world will have been impaired; the foreign demand for British goods will have been seriously lessened. Taxation being higher and falling largely upon the wealthier classes, there will probably follow a retrenchment of expenditure, which will have a serious effect upon employment. Everywhere in England employers have promised to keep open the places vacated by their enlisting employees. Can these promises be kept? Where there is no job, the most deserving employee loses his rights.

And still another evil threatens. The cost to England of this war will be enormous. Already the expenditure is at the rate of seven millions of dollars a day, and when to this is added the advances which must be made to Russia and other allies, and the capitalized value of pensions that must be paid, the cost will be not much less than ten millions a day. If the war lasts a year or a year and a half, the cost will be four or five billions of dollars. Upon this vast sum interest must be paid, and what is spent in interest cannot be spent on education and other works of social reform.

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perous war." Things go well enough while the nation lives on its accumulated capital and spends its anticipated income. It is a more serious problem on the morning after the debauch, when the nation seeks to go back to its normal life.

WALTER E. WEYL.

London, February.

Historic Impressionism

IMPRESSIONIST painting cannot be belittled as a succession of "gossipy notes" that "no longer appeal because 'impressionist' statesman, churchman and play producer" can be plausibly characterized as goodly gossips catering to our newfound interest in the ephemeral. Essential form and line have never been lost in impressionistic painting as easily as essential characteristics can be lost in current impressionistic criticism the formula of which insistently blurs together every activity of an epoch into a vibrating atmosphere of unrest.

Painting the ephemeral is one matter, painting it in an ephemeral manner another; and Monet's insistence on atmosphere is no more ephemeral than Turner's or Whistler's. For they knew as well as he that nature is much less respectful of her precise forms and contours than the well-trained painter, and swallows them on all occasions as impiously as Chronos did his children. Turner caught her at it at sunrise and sunset, and created the first scandal of modern art; Whistler another when he discovered that "the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil," and produced his nocturnes. But Monet's landscapes seemed even more preposterously vague because he was the first to see that poplars and hills could be poetically lost in veils of atmosphere at ten o'clock of a glittering snowy morning or three o'clock of a glaring summer afternoon. An incredulous public gaped at them for ten years before it decided that anyone could see a landscape impressionistically, by half closing his eyes. Since then impressionist landscapes have been very current indeed.

Degas' laundresses, his jockeys and his ballet-dancers are "gossipy" in exactly the sense that Daumier's lawyers and washwomen are gossipy; that is, they do not represent Arcadian goddesses standing firmly planted on both feet and holding golden apples presumably through all eternity. They are drawn "with sensitive feeling for the fluid pose of the body" which is the common quality of all great draughtsmanship, from the Chinese masters in the Sung dynasty of the eleventh century to Ingres of characteristic attitudes of apes, wriggling babies, leaping acrobats, birds, fishes and flying kites—all ephemeral moments in experience—permanent moments in art.

To be sure, the faces of Degas' laundresses are "free from sentiment," and we can now find traces of sentiment in the blurred features of Millet's "Gleaners" and "Sower." But Degas, like Millet, being primarily an artist interested in arousing emotion by a synthetic rendering of form, and not an illustrator achieving an effect by reproducing the pantomime of emotions themselves, was concerned primarily "with the hitherto unobserved interest of a characteristic attitude." So Millet's contemporaries before the "Man with the Hoe" complained, "Once again you recognize the same idiot," and found his three gleaners "three scarecrows of poverty planted in a field, and like scarecrows, they have no faces." But after having been an artistic tradition for twenty years, Millet's peasants in due course became a literary tradition and it is plausible now to find them statuesque. The laundresses will presently undergo the same process of literary beatification, and it will then seem plausible to think of them leaning heavily on their irons as on a hoe, brutalized by contact with the ironing board as inevitably if not as majestically as peasants by contact with the soil.

The impressionists were modern precisely as all other creative artists have been modern in their epoch, that is to say, they took their material as a matter of course from almost any and every aspect of the life of their time. They have painted women and children on the seashore like Utamaro, *demi-mondaines* in cafés as Carpaccio did his "Courtesans on a Balcony," the frills of the ballerina instead of the hoops of the Infanta, smart *Parisiennes* instead of smart *Venetiennes,* and occasionally, like Veronese, they are as interested in their puppies as he was in the dog, heels in air, among the wine jars of the "Marriage at Cana."

The fundamental passions are usually to be found in second-rate painters, great ones having an obstinate preoccupation, like the impressionists, with such ephemeral matters as characteristic attitudes, pitch and color of shadows, vibration of light, atmosphere, and the fluid pose of body. The faces of Meissonier's cuirassiers at "Friedland 1807" are puffed with the passions of loyalty, enthusiasm, victory, and courage, but not Dürer's and Ucello's warriors or the Attic boys who still ride their ponies on the metopes of the Parthenon. Constant's harem writhes on a marble floor a prey to the fundamental passions of love, hate, revenge and lust, but not Manet's Olympia on her couch

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toretto's Susanne and Rembrandt's Bathsheba. The faces of the disciples at Emmaus are lost in gloom, that seventeenth century substitute for atmosphere on which Rembrandt so often insisted, but they have endured like the fantastic Chinese mountains, though the form and contour of their bases are lost in blank silk.

Impressionism, like every historic school of painting, is incessantly preoccupied with form. Its critics might have learned its message from Cezanne's historic dictum, "One must not say model but modulate; when color is at its richest, form is at its fullest." And Renoir, with Cezanne the dominant figure of the impressionist movement, achieved a synthesis of form in light as final as Cezanne's. Anyone who has seen Renoir's prodigious array of life-size portraits and nudes even in photographs, and then classes them among the "gossipy notes" of an epoch, proves simply that he has still to serve his apprenticeship in the appreciation of significant form. Having seen any one of the *baigneuses*—and Renoir is as prolific as Rubens—he will understand George Moore's memory of them: "Renoir has modeled whole bodies of women in the light, and the light is not only on the surface, apparently; it is under the surface." Renoir modeled seemingly *with light*. His *baigneuses* are clothed in its iridescence, with palpitating color strokes as a bird's breast with down, their bodies are as soft and firm as the bodies of birds, and yet these slightly plump girls are as monumental as statues. And when Renoir, who, like Degas, composes every canvas whether it contains a handful of fruit or single figure, undertook "compositions," one has to go back to Rubens' "Nymphs and Satyrs," or Titian's "Diana and Acteon" at the Prado, to match the exuberance and opulence of Renoir's rhythmic linking of human forms, in three girls splashing water at each other by a river (the "Baigneuses" of 1885).

The "broken tones of a spectrum palette" were never consistently carried through a single canvas by Renoir, Degas, or, for that matter, Monet. Degas suffused his dressing-rooms and stages, half lit during an afternoon rehearsal, with a light as ambient and as subtly iridescent as Renoir had made the light of out-of-doors, but no richer in actual color than the pearl and violet lining of a shell. It was Signac who berated Monet for his general muddiness and his slovenly disregard of the primary purity of color as revealed by Chevreuil, and proceeded with Seurat and Cross to a thoroughgoing application of Chevreuil's principles. The result was not a clarified impressionism but the end of it, the total destruction of light in canvases so unreal in light, so rigid in pattern, so decoratively flat in form that they became the color quarry for the post-impressionist movement. A younger generation had only to obliterate the divisions between the broken patches of color which gave these landscapes a meaningless air of facsimile mosaics, and they had the vermilion and ultramarine outlines, the pea-green shadows and the large blocks of color sequences, which have become the current formula of post-impressionism. For if we attempt the history of impressionism we must remember that post-impressionism was born of what impressionism had ignored, and only fought it as a conscious reaction afterward.

But the gates of the beautiful have opened long since to the *boulevards extérieurs* and we live in a larger heaven of immortals, where cocottes will sip absinthe as long as the gods of Poussin drink nectar, Renoir's children share with other graces a sunnier immortality, and Degas' dancers stand forever, though they stand on one leg and not on two.

LEE SIMONSON.

A COMMUNICATION

Philanthropy or Social Leadership?

SIR: There are many men whose integrity has never been questioned, who for years have supported their church and fulfilled the obligations of citizenship as they conceived them, who to-day are wondering what's wrong with the world. They revere the Constitution of the United States as the safeguard of American liberties, and the guarantor of individual rights as opposed to mob rule. In many cases they have either created or largely increased their personal fortunes during the course of successful business careers, and having themselves forged their way to the top, they reject any assertion that society as at present organized fails to give a fair chance to all. They regard their own experience as conclusive evidence to the contrary. As directors in this of that corporation they for labor conditions. In general, however, they encourage good treatment and better living. Labor unions they may accept as necessary evils not without value, but they are inclined to regard the leaders thereof as charlatans who foment agitation in order to hold "soft jobs" at the expense of the workers. "Socialism" to these men spells disaster. They instinctively distrust as "socialistic" any form of federal, state or municipal activity which is avowedly "social" in its object, although they will frequently support such measures if there be no "social" label attached.

These men in many cases keenly realize a duty to society. At considerable personal sacrifice they serve on hospital boards, are trustees of charitable organizations, and contribute largely to Chambers of Commerce and Good

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pose, and they therefore bitterly resent any general indictment of the "capitalist" or "employing" class.

It is not surprising that a man who is doing his best according to his lights should be angered when he sees himself and his fellows caricatured as swine, or as grim brutes in fur coat and spats, eating emaciated babies for breakfast. He is particularly resentful if he has just sent a good-sized check to this or that fund, or sacrificed an afternoon's golf or an engagement down town to attend the meeting of a hospital board. This sense of outraged innocence will sometimes provoke a sweeping condemnation of any who wish to alter existing conditions. The philanthropist assailed instinctively erects a barrier against a new idea, and tends to espouse the cause of those of his class whose business methods are justly open to attack. This in turn discourages even generous-minded prophets and interpreters of the order which is now arising to meet the needs and aspirations of our society—no longer agricultural and individual, but rapidly becoming industrial and social. They, too, instinctively range themselves on the side of the more radical and not infrequently less sincere advocates of public, as distinct from private, interest. They may respect the accomplishment and appreciate the public spirit of the philanthropist; but they go a step farther and believe that the conscience which found its first expression in the charity of individuals must now develop into the more constructive social responsibility of the community. Finding it difficult to teach, they are disposed to blame.

Thus bitterness is introduced despite the fact that in general both the "capitalist" and the "reformer" are striving each in his own way for the same end. Each aspires to be at peace with his conscience. Each seeks to fulfil his duty, as he sees it, toward society. Each is inclined to regard the other askance—as selfish or meddlesome, as the case may be, for the conceptions of both are inevitably modified by the determination of the "haves" to retain and the desire of the "have nots" to possess. For the sake of argument the issue between the two perhaps may have to be emphasized in black and white, but hope for an ultimately fair adjustment lies in constant accessions to the intermediate shades of gray.

In the olden days soldiers by their campaigns established the State. Statesmen guided us to political emancipation, and to-day we are naturally inclined to follow men who are dominant in industry and finance, or who through politics attempt to deal with social problems upon whose solution our wellbeing depends. The possession or control of money carries with it power which was formerly vested in ownership of the land. If all property be sometimes attacked, however, it is not so much because wealth itself is regarded as inherently evil, as because of ignorant and unreasoning resentment that some of those who have wealth have failed to live up to the responsibilities of leadership which its possession should impose. Syndicalist and Socialist propaganda will gain even fewer adherents if those whom the nation now regards as its leaders take the initiative in readjusting modern society to conform to the requirements of an increasingly intelligent and articulate body of professional and "working" men

results—will not ultimately be acceptable. Great foundations and benefactions, if wisely administered, will, in alleviating poverty, tend to raise social standards until all the competent—not merely the generous—will eventually make provision for the less fortunate, and in so doing attempt to remedy the conditions responsible for their distress. What has hitherto been termed philanthropy—like commerce and industry and politics—will tend gradually to conform to a more democratic ideal. We now have state and municipal hospitals, asylums, and almshouses. There are municipal baths and laundries, playgrounds, social centers. Lunches are provided in many public schools, arrangements for physical examinations are being improved, and eye, mouth and throat clinics extended. We have already traveled far, not toward socialism but toward socialization. This progress would have been well nigh impossible had it not been for the initiative and constant effort of organized charity. Yet some of the very men who have assisted in this task are as yet unaware that they themselves have materially contributed by specific action to the very changes which in general they either condemn or deplore. What is needed in many cases, therefore, is not an entire reversal of attitude, but a clearer vision and more sympathetic understanding; not so much a change of method as an intelligent mastery of conditions which already exist.

The American of to-day may be crude and undisciplined, but he is self-respecting and self-reliant. He has great capacity for cooperation and organization, where he feels that he himself has voluntarily assumed an obligation or shares responsibility. Like his forebears, he wants representation in some form. He abhors alms, he craves opportunity. This is a national spirit, soon shared, more or less vaguely perhaps, by even the most recently arrived immigrant. This is the spirit which is now finding expression in countless different ways, which is not in itself dangerous or turbulent, which is far from "socialistic" in the commonly accepted sense. It is a spirit which may sometimes threaten violence when excited by intolerant men, but which if guided and encouraged will bear valuable fruit. It is a spirit which above all else demands that philanthropy should develop into social leadership.

S. G. T.

CORRESPONDENCE

George Creel Replies

SIR: Not until now have I had the time to consider your editorial of February twentieth in which you branded my criticisms of Mr. Paul U. Kellogg as brutal and stupid, reckless and incompetent. I might suggest that so bitter and personal an attack should have had the courage to carry a signature, but in journalism, as elsewhere, ethics still remain dependent upon the point of view.

Certain other essential differences in temperament and training also occur to me. For fifteen years I have devoted myself to a task of agitation in politics and industry, trying always to stay close to what may be termed the "under dog." During this time I have seen oppression, exploitation, corruption, treachery and betrayal in all their forms,

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You, on the other hand, are academic products who have come to be commentators by virtue of self-election, based upon self-valuation, aided, I believe, by an endowment fund that spares you the fear of existence. The antagonism between us, therefore, is as instinctive and inevitable as that of the house cat for the street dog.

Certain features of your editorial, however, prevent me from accepting this differing viewpoint as the cause of attack. When you ignore deliberately the whole point of my criticism of Mr. Kellogg, and cite instead a petty minor detail, I am forced to conclude that where your personal friendships are concerned, you can be as reckless and dishonest as is necessary for your purpose.

During the period of John D. Rockefeller's complete control of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, his employees have risen twice in revolt, each strike resulting in armed warfare and bloodshed, and carrying aftermaths of starvation and despair for thousands of workers. Throughout these years the Rockefellers have had time and millions to promote the health of China, to investigate vice conditions in Europe, and to provide a refuge for migratory birds, but never a minute or a penny to find out why miners preferred privation and even death to the continuance of labor in the Rockefeller properties. Only when the Commission on Industrial Relations prepared to make a full investigation of Colorado strike causes was any human interest displayed by the Rockefellers, and even then it took the shape of an announcement that their Foundation had set aside one million dollars for an investigation of *all* industrial unrest—an abstract study, if you please, that "might take years."

My one charge against Paul U. Kellogg was that at this crucial time in the formation of public opinion, he wrote a *Survey* editorial bespeaking confidence for this "investigation," even while disparaging the work of the Commission on Industrial Relations.

Like Mr. Kellogg, you evade this direct accusation by reciting his various exposures of Colorado conditions, insisting that I suppressed this honorable record in order to strengthen my case. As a matter of fact, I begged *Pearson's Magazine* for space in which to print these very exposures in order to show Mr. Kellogg's accurate knowledge of the Rockefeller cruelties even while he was praising the Rockefeller hypocrisy.

Had THE NEW REPUBLIC printed such commendation, it might have gone unchallenged, for it has no background of splendid exposure, and its editors are lacking in first-hand information. But Paul Kellogg *had* exposed, and he *did* know, and when he bespoke confidence for the Rockefeller investigation, it was in perfect comprehension of the fact that the ghastly fake meant less than nothing to the thousands of men and women starving on the mountain sides of Colorado. Mark, too, his reference to Mackenzie King, the Canadian selected by the Rockefellers to have charge of the million dollars "investigation":

"In such an appointment as the directorship of the industrial inquiry, the last thing the Rockefeller group would do would be to choose a man whose past record would fail at the start to carry public conviction that the ethical and scientific standards of his work would not be subordinated to the preconceived notions of his employers. Such standing would be an asset, and such a man is W. L. Mackenzie King, chosen by Mr. Rockefeller and his associates to enter the field where for more than a year the United States has had its commission at work."

"The last thing the Rockefeller group would do," indeed! Why, it [illegible]

D. Rockefeller, Jr., in which he said in part:

"It will not be long, however, before the inevitable effects of the European war on American labor conditions are certain to make themselves felt. . . . And once this becomes apparent, the unions will have to revise considerably some of their present policies. Looking at the ultimate, rather than the immediate effect, there is, speaking generally, going to be a large amount of unemployment in consequence of the war. . . . In certain industries it is going to be easy for employers to find all the labor they desire and unions will be confronted with a new problem. . . . Here, it seems to me, lies a possible avenue of approach towards restoring normal conditions in Colorado."

A fine picture truly, that of this director of an "impartial investigation," selected because he would not permit "the ethical and scientific standards of his work to be subordinated to the preconceived notions of his employers," writing a secret letter in which he points out how fear of starvation might aid the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in its fight against the organization of its employees.

When I wrote the *Pearson's* article it was not Mr. Walsh or the Commission on Industrial Relations that I had in mind. It was the bitter indignation of the strikers of Colorado that I voiced by virtue of the standing commission given me by their leaders. They felt then, and they feel to-day, that Paul Kellogg's complete knowledge of Rockefeller lawlessness, cruelty and indifference, as evidenced by his fearless exposures, should have led him to denounce the million-dollar investigation as a monstrous hypocrisy instead of commending it as an honest effort to right unbearable wrongs.

There was no personal feeling in the article. There is none in this letter. My one point of attack was the Rockefeller attempt to deceive public opinion by a fake inquiry conducted by a paid apologist masked as an "impartial investigator."

GEORGE CREEL.

New York City.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: "Paul Kellogg's complete knowledge of Rockefeller's lawlessness, cruelty and indifference, as evidenced by his fearless exposure, should have led him to denounce the million-dollar investigation" by the Rockefeller Foundation. Mr. Kellogg did not denounce it. In fact he welcomed it, and because of this and nothing more than this Mr. Creel feels justified in branding him as corrupt, as a victim of the power of tainted money. That is a pretty large price to pay for Mr. Creel's displeasure.

It should be made perfectly clear that to attack the Rockefellers does not in itself give a man complete justification for saying anything he happens to care to say about anybody else; that a failure to take the exact position that Mr. Creel takes is not a sign of corruption; that it is possible to disagree with a man and still refrain from charging him with the worst sin that one journalist can charge against another.]

"The Piccolomini"

SIR: Your second quotation in "Books and Things" in your issue of February twentieth is from Coleridge's translation of Schiller's, "The Piccolomini," Act II, Scene 4, lines 124 ff. Perhaps Mr. Schuster got it, as I did, from an essay—which I cannot now identify—in which the author cites the lines as an instance of Coleridge's skill in expanding a hint in his original.

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Little Theatres

ONE of the easiest things in the world, at present writing is to start a heated argument by referring to the commercialism of the theatre. Since most people are born critics, it is generally conceded that the state of the theatre is unsatisfactory and that for this someone is to blame. But the minute one suggests that the curse of the theatre is commercialism the fur begins to fly. A great many persons deny that there is any conflict whatever between commercialism and the aesthetic impulse, and they regard the very phrase "regular commercial theatre" as specious, snobbish and superior. They commend the regular managers as a general class for keeping abreast of the public, and for occasionally, disinterestedly, going ahead of it. They ascribe the rottenness of the theatre to the public at large, and they assert that it is the public which is responsible for its managers. Every public gets the caterer it deserves.

For my own part, I acknowledge that the word "commercialism" is vague and loose. It invites dialectics. But, bad as it is, it does give a clue to the spiritual attitude of ordinary theatrical production. No one has a right to blame the regular manager because he wishes his drama to be at once popular and profitable. But there is all the difference in the world between looking on profit as the means and looking on profit as the end. We do not despise a man who finds in practicing medicine the means of his livelihood. We look with respect on the specialist who makes, financially speaking, a big killing. But, if we employ strenuous terms, we denounce the doctor who does business on a wholesale, slapdash, commercial scale, as a quack and a faker and an enemy of society. We look down on him for regarding his patients as raw material. We say he is commercialized. The same term we apply to any free man who arranges his opinions with too loud a view to profit. We do not say the grocer is "commercialized" because what he sells is material, not spiritual. He deals in raw product. We do not despise the lawyer for arranging his opinions. His purpose in arranging them is supposed to procure justice as well as the major portion of his client's assets. But we do despise the revivalist who salts away a fortune, the politician who profits by politics even in power, the press-agent of the big corporations, the mercenary newspaper man, the subsidized mining expert, the woman who simulates love for the sake of money, or anyone else who puts forth as genuine and disinterested any spiritual expression which is really spurious, and arranged with a view to trading on the public and making money rather than manifesting a sincere personality.

In answer to this requirement of sincerity, the caterer nearly always shrugs his shoulders. It is charming, sincerity, but it is also relative. Life is not so simple. And even if it is conceded that the commercial managers make money their goal, why does not the public rebel? It is only the critic who has enduring faith in the public who can reply: it is leadership the public mainly needs. If the managers would only fight disinterestedly, the public would eventually respond.

It is too simple, no doubt, to suppose that, even if commercialism is the "inert, indifferent, heavy-handed environment" against which the aesthetic impulse is working in American life, there is no interaction between that impulse and the environment. As Professor Thomson says in "The Wonder of Life," it is not quite adequate to describe life as action and reaction between organism and the environment, but before that adjustment is undertaken two processes are in motion. By the first process the life force, the force of activity, insurgence, self-expression, self-assertion, is being qualified by the environment "burning it and stoking it, heating it and cooling it, quickening it and slowing it, moistening it and drying it, exciting it and quieting it, and so on." By the second process the environment is being operated upon by the organism. The result is not merely an adjustment between simple organism and simple environment, but an adjustment between organism influenced by environment and environment influenced by organism.

If it is right to think of the theatrical reformer as a representative of life, and if it is right to think of commercialism as the resisting environment, it is still necessary to understand that the adjustment is not being worked out on the simple moral terms so dear to the reformer. The problem, so far as one can see, is being worked out between a reformer inevitably influenced by the regular theatre and a regular theatre inevitably influenced by the reformer. If what is roughly termed commercialism would only stand completely pat, and give us nothing but conventional, sentimental, uncritical plays, the revolution might be accomplished very quickly. But the curse of commercialism is its deference to the reformer. It refuses to take sufficient umbrage to incite most of the critics to a divorce.

Giving the commercial devil his due, however, the question remains as to the form which the aesthetic impulse must seek if we are not to be content with subservient drama.

It must, obviously, be a form in which the unnecessary difficulties presented by commercialism are obviated. It must, that is to say, be mortgaged as lightly as possible to the inertia, the prejudices, the limitations of the public. It must also be mortgaged as lightly as possible to the greed and the egoism of actors. And it must be undertaken by managers who are not primarily interested in exploiting their own dubious wares nor in rolling up a profit. Designed to satisfy the public that finds in genuine self-expression a response to its own needs, and that attains in the theatre as nowhere else a consciousness of social realities and aspirations, it must be a form that is as rich as the force which inspires it, restricted neither by moral nor sociological purpose. It must do everything to allure its public except concede its essential aim.

Considering the tremendous disadvantages of a large organization, considering the conflict between man and his machine, and also considering the power of the established caterers over regular playhouses, the principal medium through which the reformer can conveniently operate all over the country is the medium of the little theatre. Individualism is socially valuable in proportion as it brings the self of a big number into sympathy with it, but if there is to be individualism there must be experimentation, and there can be no real experimentation if personality has to be sacrificed to the exigency of immediate success. In the little theatre that exigency is reduced to a minimum, and while the spectacular, the crude, the deluding appearance of substantiality is absent in such a *milieu*, the real substantiality is possible.

If any proof were needed that drama is a precious reality to Americans, and that self-expression is not satisfied in the regular theatre, that proof may be found in the multiplication of little theatres. They are the sign that the commercial manager is deemed unworthy of his func-

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Books and Things

ALMOST fifteen years ago, when I was living in a Swiss village not far from the Italian border, I received one day a letter from W. Sharpless Meekin, my venerable friend. He told me he was near and ill and alone. He reminded me that he was old. His letter, although short, moved me over a pass, down into the Lombard plain, up again to the hill-town Mr. Meekin had selected to die in. Here he unfolded, day by day, the plan he had been perfecting through the past two years. Since his retirement from business he had been a wanderer with a fixed purpose. He was pouring all his powers into his final task. He was determined not to die before he had taught American consumers how to resist the suggestions of advertisers. Although his plan, as everybody knows, came to nothing, this return of Mr. Meekin upon himself has always seemed to me rather fine. It was as if the manufacturer of demonite, grown rich and aged, should devote his last years to an invention by means of which this highest explosive might be countervailed.

Mr. Meekin had tasted greatness and ingratitude. In the state where he did most of his residing, questions touching a man's mental health were always answered by a jury. A few months before he retired from business, and when he had already attained extreme old age, Mr. Meekin was forced into court. His own children, alleging that his mind had failed, were the instigators of this indignity to the old gentleman. They affirmed his incompetence to manage his estate, which they were impatient to make theirs. He disdained the advice of counsel, though some of us pressed it upon him. Nor would he disclose the line he meant to take, compelling us to make what we could of his hint that it would be the line of most resistance. At the proper moment he rose and faced his accusers, his judge and his peers. Drawing some literature from his pocket, he began, after proving himself its recent author, to read aloud. His ungrateful children knew as they listened that their case was lost. Without leaving their seats the jury declared him competent to manage his affairs. Copies of Mr. Meekin's literature were shown to the jurors, each of whom, as I learned later, ordered that very day the article Mr. Meekin advertised. It was this fact which caused him to stop and think, and at length to make up his mind that the hypnotic power of the advertiser had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Ever since I heard and saw this advertisement, the last that Mr. Meekin was to write in this world, I have tried off and on to describe it, a thing I could never compass until now, when I know that this masterpiece was institutional, natural, specific, timely, pertinent, consistent, persistent, authoritative, plausible and sincere. This I know because I have been reading "Advertising—Selling the Consumer," by Mr. John Lee Mahin, who says a good advertisement should deserve these ten adjectives. Mr. Meekin would have enjoyed Mr. Mahin's treatise. He would cheerfully have paid the price—two dollars net—exacted by the publishers, Messrs. "Doubleday, Page & Company, For the Associated Advertising Club of the World." He would have relished Mr. Mahin's blend of common sense, experience and special knowledge. He would have thrilled in response to Mr. Mahin's hard

Specialists in advertising and salesmanship can read such books without a smile. Readers who are conventional superior persons smile inflexibly. Is it possible for a reader who takes up Mr. Mahin's book resolved not to find it funny, and whose resolution breaks down here and there, to clear himself from the charge of superiority? Two or three times, unamiably and yet without self-reproach, I found myself smiling at Mr. Mahin. Once when he says: "It is my firm conviction that an advertising solicitor ought to be continually reading the works of men who have given long thought to specialized subjects and put their ideas on paper; such works are Ruskin's 'Unto this Last'; George Horace Lorimer's 'Old Gorgon Graham' . . . Otto Weininger's 'Sex and Character' . . . and H. G. Wells' 'War of the Worlds.'" And my smile was aggravated into a grin when I learned Mr. Mahin's belief that Mr. Roosevelt would not have ventured to oppose Mr. Taft, and that Mr. Taft would now be our President, if Mr. Taft had employed a press agent of the first class. "Many who were severely criticized while they lived have a high place in history," says Mr. Mahin, "because the publicity given them by the historian has accomplished *after* death what a well-trained advertising man could have done when it would have been worth while."

Grinners at these quotations, if they will recall what Bergson has said in "Le Rire," may go on grinning lightheartedly. A person is comic, says Bergson, when his character seems ready-made once for all and incapable of being changed by contacts with the world, when his behavior is that of an automaton obedient to a ruling idea. Such is the plight of Mr. Mahin, who writes as if he were blind to the unlikenesses of Weininger, Ruskin and George Horace Lorimer, and who sees written history as an advertisement that came too late. The behavior of Mr. Mahin, when he treats ideas that are valid in a world of salesmen as if they were valid in the wider world, is a good example of what Bergson means by comic *raideur;* and we, when we smile at this rigidity, are merely drinking comedy at one of its most abundant springs. We are in good company. A like rigidity has amused men and women of all nations for hundreds of years.

Yet we should mistake if we inferred that Mr. Mahin is nothing but salesman and advertiser. Such simple characters do not exist. It would not surprise me to find him a passionate collector of cloisonné, a partisan of late or early Ming. Or he may be a tireles walker, who refuses to say he knows Switzerland until he has ascended every Swiss valley to its head waiters. Such things are the easier for me to believe because the case of W. Sharpless Meekin taught me a lesson. He was a devoted advertiser. Most of his life was passed in salesmanship. Yet his love of landscape never forsook him. It guided his choice of a place to die in, of that westward-looking village which keeps the dying daylight as long as it can, among the north Italian hills. Every fine afternoon he and I used to walk down a little way, through the olive trees, to get a look at the city on the Lombard plain below, to see the campanili, and to hear, as often as the wind was kind, the noise of bells. And always, before we turned back, Mr. Meekin would look long the other way, northward, at the snow peaks. "After all," he would say, with his hand on my arm, "those mountains beat any city, even an Italian City. When you come right down to it, there's no one can touch the Almighty. He's in a [illegible]

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A French View of "Kultur"

I AM not one of those who deny it [German culture—*Translator*] and refuse it a place in the evolution of European civilization, but I am one of those who have always refused to recognize its supremacy. To speak the truth, I must admit that I have never accorded to any people of Europe or America an absolute supremacy from the point of view of civilization. In that part of the world which was anciently known as Christendom there is only one civilization in which all men participate more or less. The Germans, however, give a special significance to their "kultur," which closely resembles what we should call "national education," and in this sense "kultur" is really the sum of the natural or acquired qualities proper to a German. The Manifesto of the German intellectuals showed to what an extent the German professors, savants, artists and writers were proud of their specialized culture, and to what an extent they boasted of remaining loyal to it even when it had led to acts as much condemned by other and even neutral nations as the massacres of Dinant, the destruction of Louvain, and the general violation and ravaging of Belgium. The power of this "kultur" is as undeniable as its legitimacy is suspect. But it has no *rapport* with civilization, to which it is clearly opposed. While "culture," in the European sense, in the general acceptation of the word, is the effort of peoples and of individuals towards an objective sentiment of good and evil, "kultur" is a German effort towards a subjective sentiment of German good and German evil. At least that is what I have gathered from all the discussions on this question. But the Germans have not wholly succeeded in isolating themselves in their pride. They have a great deal of vanity, and they have never renounced their place —which they desired to be the first place—in general civilization. They have even imagined that they had conquered this first place, and we have seen their intellectuals proving on this point the naïveté of their infatuation. Let us consider this general civilization, and note what sort of figure is cut therein by the German genius. The German genius was a Romantic product, and Romanticism implied liberty and fantasy. With the union of the empire liberty has disappeared, and with the disappearance of the consciousness of higher destinies we have seen the traditional German fantasy—the fantasy of a Goethe—vanish from every sort of activity. Little by little the genius of Germany has become disciplined, serious, unanimous, mechanical. But it has not always been so. This transformation is recent. Before they became the prey of the mad pride which has consumed their sensibility, the Germans lived and thought like men. They have notably participated in universal civilization. I will take Frederic Nietzsche as an example.

This was before their great victories of 1870-71. A few minds, formed, like that of Nietzsche, in an earlier time, developed after that period, and through them the old German influence is perpetuated through the world. Nietzsche is still a Romantic; one might say that he is the most Romantic of the Germans. His philosophic conceptions were not addressed to Germany, which, moreover, was unable to understand them. He wrote for all humanity. His influence in the world only began when his ideas, translated into French, became accessible to those who shared in French civilization. He fully realized this. German thought has no influence outside of Germany, has [illegible] belief in the sword. But the directors of German thought [illegible] the habit of taking to themselves all the wri-

negotiations with Taine. They were only successful after his intellectual death, and the name of Nietzsche only became universal at that moment, which, as it happened, was also the moment when the Germans began to believe that their recent wholly material victories had given them the right to the intellectual domination of the whole world. Nietzsche had no part in this great German madness nor had he in any way prepared it. His imagination soared above good and evil, and his imaginations were not the imaginations of a German but of a demigod. To measure the distance which separates his ideas from those of Herr Ostwald—who is a chemist and a philosopher as Nietzsche was a philologist and a philosopher—we must remember that Nietzsche, the theoretician of the Superman, desired the growth of the individual beyond the laws of Christianity, and that Herr Ostwald, the theoretician of Energy, desires the growth of the energy of the German masses with a view to [*en vue de*] German discipline, German power and German domination. Ostwald's ideas are as opposed to those of Nietzsche as a political thesis is opposed to a conception of the mind. Ostwald himself has commented on his theories in a recent publication which the University of Leipzig has hastened to disavow, on account of the misfortunes of the times. How the University would have approved it if force had conquered at the first blow!

Nietzsche should not be considered as part of modern Germany. By his education, by the turn of his mind—which was purely speculative—he belonged frankly to a period of Germany when the true modern German spirit—all arrogance and national egoism—had not yet blossomed forth. Nietzsche can be read without one noticing that he was a German, except by the obscure turn given to certain phrases. Nietzsche himself boasted that he was a European. One of his favorite phrases is, "We good Europeans." He was absolutely above the German national idea. He needed a larger and certainly a freer country. Zarathustra had to have a romantic country. He would have been stifled in the country which has been created by modern German ideas, the ideas which grow up after the victories of 1870-71, and which developed in the following years. But Nietzsche was already intellectually dead when these ideas suddenly and unexpectedly developed, and when the Germans, departing from European civilization, shut themselves up in their national culture. He could write no longer, and nothing that he had written was marked with the seal of German egoism. He is the last German who frankly belonged to European civilization.

It has been said, a little inconsiderately, I think, that Nietzsche was one of the educators of William II. In any event the latter has profited very ill by his lessons, for Nietzsche preached to men not a domination over their fellows but a domination over themselves. We must remember the portrait he sketched of the true philosopher, of the philosopher of modern times; we must reflect on what strength of soul and even abnegation this must have cost him. He demands this also of those who wish to control their fellows, and never, even in his most brutal pages, does one find any eulogy of force pure and simple. Because he distinguishes between the morality of slaves and of masters we must not conclude that he recognized the right to dominate in those who possess nothing but brute strength. This admirer of the Renaissance knew that the breastplate of the *condottiere* was composed of many imponderable elements, and he knew that to dominate men requires more than a

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that William II has read Nietzsche upside down, and that the mystic council, "Be hard!" has been read by him in the letter as an incitement to cruelty. One might really advance the theory.

It still remains, however, that for me, at least, Nietzsche, far from incarnating certain tendencies of imperialism and of German culture, is strongly opposed to them. He represents a totally different kind of civilization—the civilization which started with the Greeks and which unites the French, or, to be less particularist, the Europeans of the twentieth century. Has he not laughed at this very "kultur" of which he is supposed to be one of the founders? The man who wept at the news of the bombardment of Paris cannot by any audacity be implicated in the approbation at the destruction of Louvain!

REMY DE GOURMONT.

—Translated by Richard Aldington.

Kenyon Cox on Winslow Homer

Winslow Homer, by Kenyon Cox. New York: Privately printed by Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $12.50.

GOOD prose, they say, is a difficult business, and better prose is the result of overcoming difficulties invented for himself by the writer. When Kenyon Cox began to write he wanted to be extremely clear and extremely concise. He also wanted his sentences to read aloud easily. Such desires, although they often work together, are quite as often found fighting among themselves. Mr. Cox's earlier prose is a settlement of their quarrels. It is clear, it is concise, it is written for the ear. One is exhilarated, as one reads, by a sense of sharing in a succession of sober victories.

Critics have said that his prose owes a good deal to Fromentin. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the likings and dislikes which made Mr. Cox write as he does are the same with those which make him like Fromentin's writing. It would be hard to find deliberate imitations of Fromentin in Cox. One does not, indeed, easily imagine him consciously imitating anybody, although his liking for French prose, and especially for its lucidity, precision, order and unaffectedness, are everywhere plain enough. One learns without surprise that he prefers Voltaire and Le Sage to Frenchmen whose prose sounds less like good talk and more like writing. Nor is it difficult to guess that he dislikes both oracular prose and prose which tries to be ornate. His own severe reticence reveals a more active principle than liking for reticence and severity. It reveals a strong aversion from super-sensibility, from effects of exquisiteness or extreme delicacy deliberately sought.

The difference between Mr. Cox's earlier and his later manner is not to be explained by any relaxation of his strictness, by any enfeeblement of his will to be concise without sacrificing clearness, to be clear without sacrificing exactness. These qualities are as resolutely sought and as often found in his latest books as in his earliest. But two things have happened to him, by both of which his writing has been the gainer. Something has set his anger free. You may be roused to fury by what Mr. Cox has said about Matisse, for example; you may agree to every sentence; or your feeling may be that although Mr. Cox is right this time he wouldn't see the g[illegible]

The second change in Mr. Cox's manner is more interesting and more unexpected. It is not a recent change. In "Painters and Sculptors," especially in the address delivered on the occasion of Rembrandt's tercentenary, there are passages in which, by arrangement of words, by the falling of the clauses, Cox expresses an emotion that echoes the emotion caused by the beauty of the things he is describing. There are such passages in this book on Winslow Homer:

> Many men have sat by a camp fire at night and have enjoyed in a dreamy way, watching the long curves of light cut into the blue darkness by the ascending sparks. Who but Homer would have made them not an accessory but the principal subject of a picture? Who but Homer has seen or painted such a thing as that flock of ravenous crows, starved by the long winter, hunting a live fox through the heavy snow which retards his superior speed—one of the most superb animal pictures in the world, yet produced by an artist who has painted no other? He wishes to paint the sea by night, the foam of breakers dark against the glittering wake of the moon. Who else would not have feared to disturb the serenity of nature by the presence of figures, or would have dared more, at most, than the black, almost formless, group of silent watchers on the rocks?

Of Homer's two years' stay at Tynemouth Mr. Cox says: "In this English fishing town his own peculiar range of subjects was revealed to him; here he first felt the full romance of the sea and of those who go down to the sea in ships. Here he first felt the majesty of the breakers, the irresistible might of the surf." Or take this sentence and listen to it: "No one has so felt and expressed the solid resistance of rock, the vast bulk and hammering weight of water, the rush and movement of wave and wind." Cox's emotion is restrained. It is expressed in black and white. Even in passages like these his prose keeps its kinship with good drawing.

Everybody whose trade is words must have noticed how new and surprising his difficulties are whenever he tries to write shorter or longer than usual. Few and happy are the writers who succeed, whether the space they are filling be three hundred words or thirty thousand, in weaving their habitual fabric. Was it hard for Mr. Cox, who hasn't before treated such a simple subject at such length, whose accustomed length falls short of the length of this short volume, to give all these pages his own concise surface? If it was hard, he is the more to be congratulated, for he is his concise self everywhere.

The earlier part of the book is an adroit blending of scanty biographical material with illustrative analysis of particular pictures. It is also the evidence which prepares us for Mr. Cox's final exact definition of the art whose growth we have been watching through his keen eyes. Only by reading the book can you get an adequate idea of the masterly precision with which he does his defining. He gives us in detail his reasons for thinking Homer "a poor technician, an unequal colorist, a powerful but untrained draughtsman," and for saying this of Homer's design: "From the very first he shows some of the qualities of a master designer; he always places his subject rightly within the rectangle of his border, he always balances felicitously his filled and empty spaces; and as his power of observation becomes more and more acute his power of design keeps pace with it, his most original observations being infallibly embodied in equally

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of Homer's greatness. He gives one, too, fresh evidence for the belief that Kenyon Cox is one of our soundest writers of severe prose.

Mr. Sherman deserves thanks for the type, the pages, the shape of the pages he has put into this book, which is at once businesslike and beautiful.

True Dublin

Dubliners, by James Joyce. London: Grant Richards, Limited.

TO a man who lives with his family the truth about home is sometimes very different from the truth as it appears to outsiders. In deference to these outsiders most Irishmen have done their best to keep their Ireland on the expected romantic plane. But inside the family it is well known that life has another aspect, and it is this aspect, the one that is pressed on a pitilessly intimate member of the family, which Mr. James Joyce has revealed in his sharply veracious sketches of Dubliners.

The majority of the inhabitants of Dublin are petty bourgeoisie, and their three greatest concerns are piety, poverty and porter. Their town is one of the dirtiest and meanest in Europe. It is supposed by its poets that from its lowest stews the inhabitants are in constant possession of the stars. This may be true, and there is no doubt that because the stream of life follows its own sweet will in Dublin there is a certain suavity and charm. But in a young and critical spirit this effortless existence sets up a painful reaction. Such a reaction usually leads in Dublin to the very things that excite it—to ritual, that is to say, or to drink. The town rounds on itself in a vicious circle. But it is the marvel of "Dubliners" that it has given to painful reaction a genuine artistic expression. By those who have not felt the irk and humor of such existence, or similar existence, the poignancy of Mr. Joyce's sketches may not be readily realizable, but since the petty bourgeoisie exist everywhere, and since Mr. Joyce has understood them and caught their tones with inner as well as outer ear, he speaks for all whose sympathies include even second-hand lives.

There are fifteen sketches in "Dubliners." Mr. Joyce disregards the formula of fiction. He attempts, with fine success, to convey human character in incidents of the very slightest moment. Take, for example, "Counterparts." In this incident the chief character is a solicitor's clerk, by no means the typical clerk of fiction. "When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-colored, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty." Harassed by his North of Ireland employer, the clerk feels he must have a good night's drinking. Unable to cadge the necessary advance because of his wrangling, he pawns his watch and betakes himself to Davy Byrne's, Callan's in Fownes's Street, the Scotch House and Mulligan's in Poolbeg Street. Obliged to stand various unexpected drinks and defeated in a wrist-bending contest, he gets through the evening unsatisfactorily. "A very sullen-faced man stood at the corner of O'Connell Bridge waiting for the little Sandymount tram to take him home. He was full of smouldering anger and revengefulness. He felt humiliated and discontented; he did not even feel drunk; and he had only to feel thirsty again and he longed to be back again in the hot, reeking public-house." When he arrives home he vents his fury in a characteristic way. There is little "Celtic glamour" about the tale, but it is a true Dublin night.

"Eveline" is a sensitive sketch of a girl in the Stores. The door of her cage opens and closes again, and that is all. In "The Sisters" there is the final chapter in the life of a retired priest. "He had a beautiful death, God be praised." It is in the idiom of Great Britain Street that Nannie and Eliza carry out their brother's obsequies. "Ah, there's no friends like the old friends, when all is said and done. . . . Ah, poor James. He was no great trouble to us. You wouldn't hear him in the house any more than now. Still, I know he's gone and all to that." A similar idiom is heard in "The Boarding House," in which Mrs. Mooney, the landlady, has "the matter out" with Mr. Doran. Mrs. Mooney is a "big, imposing woman," and Mr. Doran, who earns a good salary in a wine merchant's office, owes reparation to Polly Mooney. The skill with which Mrs. Mooney collects on Polly's honor is instructive in world-diplomacy. "Grace" gives us another Dublin interior, in which Mrs. Kernan, unlike Mrs. Mooney, abides by a husband who drinks. The elderly Kernan is induced to turn over a new leaf by a number of his old friends, and the steps by which Kernan reaches his religious retreat at Gardiner Street, and the character of the retreat itself, are incomparably defined. That religious platitude should be so recorded in "Grace," and that patriotic platitude should be so recorded in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," must exasperate many gentle readers. But in a city of second-hand human beings life is full of platitude, and Mr. Joyce seldom errs on the side of irritability.

In "A Painful Case" figures a middle-aged Nietzschean prig. In "An Encounter" we have a prurient recluse. In "Two Gallants" we have the Lothario who proves "There's nothing to touch a good slavey," and in "A Little Cloud" we have the meek idealist overshadowed by his friend returned from London. "Clay" is a tender study of a laundress, and in "The Dead" there is a long domestic story of exceptional suggestion and sympathy.

In modern creative literature the Irish tendency has been anything but conventionally sanguine. A number of the Abbey Theatre plays, indeed, have evinced the heightened pessimism and introspection of critical youth. Of this critical inclination Mr. Joyce partakes, but he is neither pessimistic nor introspective. He is a sanely reflective observer of a pettily bourgeois city, and he proves his sympathy chiefly by his attentiveness to disregarded men and women, his fidelity to life in its working clothes.

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PART TWO
March 27, 1915

VOLUME II
NUMBER 21

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

The Campaign Against Sweating

By WALTER LIPPMANN

"More than half the people employed in the factories and stores investigated in New York City get less than $8.00 a week."—Dr. Howard Woolston, Director of Investigation for the New York State Factory Commission.

IT is all very well to say of a woman that "she is working for her living," but suppose she is working and not making her living. What are you to say then? You can remark that you are indeed very sorry, and leave the matter there. Or you can say with more piety than wisdom that wages are determined by natural laws which man must let alone. Or you can insist that she is being sweated; that a business which does not pay a living wage is not paying its labor costs; that such businesses are humanly insolvent, for in paying less than a living wage they are guilty of as bad business practice and far worse moral practice than if they were paying dividends out of assets.

Everyone knows what to think of a get-rich-quick concern which asks people to subscribe to its capital stock, and then uses the money invested to pay profits. We call it a fraud. When a railroad goes on paying dividends without charging up deterioration, people speak of it not as a fraud but as bad business. But when a mercantile establishment pays its labor less than labor can live on, it is combining the evils of the mismanaged railroad and the get-rich-quick concern. It is showing a profit it has not honorably earned, it is paying a dividend out of its vital assets, that is, out of the lives, the health, and the happiness of its employees. ing wage is not a business at all, for it is not paying its fixed charges. They are being paid either by the family of the woman worker, or by her friends, or by private charities, or by the girl herself in slow starvation.

There are few left to deny the truth of these general ideas. Even the people who are fighting minimum wage legislation have not attempted to deny that a self-respecting business should pay the full cost of its labor. Nor has any serious attempt been made to impugn the damning wage statistics revealed in one state after another and clinched by the Factory Investigation Commission in New York. We know now that thousands of women are below the line which the most moderate estimate can call a living wage. Knowing this fact, we know that something must be disastrously wrong; knowing it, we must act to remedy it if we can, and no intelligent person will say that we are meddling in what does not concern us. The spectacle of paper-box, shirt and candy manufacturers and department-store keepers living on the profits of a business that does not pay its employees a living wage is so absurd that we begin to wonder what are the serious arguments against minimum wage legislation.

Fortunately Mr. Rome G. Brown knows all the

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it be said, is an attorney who has fought living wage legislation in various states, and is the author of the brief filed before the Supreme Court in the Oregon case. He is a kind of specialist in the business of finding fault with the minimum wage, and so no injustice can be done him or his cause by taking up the points he raises.

What Mr. Brown Believes

Mr. Brown's latest utterance is dated February 10, 1915,[1] and it seems that Mr. Brown is no longer opposed to the minimum wage. He is opposed to the compulsory minimum wage, but he is for the ethical minimum wage. "Compulsion," says Mr. Brown, "stifles the humanitarian motive." Above all things Mr. Brown does not wish to stifle that. He does not say that six dollars a week is a good wage. What he says is that any attempt to force the employer to raise it would destroy the finer bloom of morality.

> "His action ceases to be virtuous or moral when once you have enacted into a statute the precept of the Golden Rule, and when its observance is enforced under the threat of fine and imprisonment. Actions otherwise virtuous—of benevolence, of charity, of neighborly love—are deprived of all elements of morality when performed under compulsion."

And so, rather than take away from the act of raising wages all elements of morality, Mr. Brown would leave wages where they are. It is obviously high-minded of him, and exceedingly far-sighted. For here we see a leading attorney fighting step by step to preserve the quintessence of morality for employers toward that hypothetical time when they decide of their own free will to raise wages. At this historic moment, however, we are simply in the happy position of knowing that when employers abolish the starvation wage they will do so with unblemished ethical motives. There is indescribable comfort in the thought.

Some More of Mr. Brown's Beliefs

I am a student of Mr. Brown's writings, and his Tolstoyan aversion to any kind of legal compulsion is not new to me. He wrote a book just about a year ago in which he attacked the Minnesota statute of 1913, and pointed out that the real trouble with it lay in the fact that the wage established was legal and compulsory. As a contrast he recommended the Massachusetts act of 1912. Under that law the Minimum Wage Commission may establish Wages Boards in particular industries. On the findings of these Boards the Commission may recommend a certain minimum wage, and publish its finding in the newspapers. There are no penalties for disregarding the recommendation, except those which public opinion creates. It is, in force. It is this Massachusetts model which we in New York are trying to follow.

Naturally we were happy to think that Mr. Brown approved our labors. The barbarous, immoral Oregonians and Minnesotans who wish to force these reforms by law had naturally to be fought, but Massachusetts and New York, where the elements of morality are still strong, would find a supporter in Mr. Brown.

> "The Minimum Wage, by voluntary cooperation, including that of the states through non-compulsory statutes, is altogether, as it must be admitted, a logical workable measure." [2]

He was referring directly to the Massachusetts act.

> "It adds to the efforts for amelioration by purely individual initiative, and by privately organized cooperation, the encouragement and assistance of investigations and recommendations made under official authority. It naturally results in bringing in line with the employers of more humanitarian tendencies those who, from avarice, neglect or indifference, would remain inactive without some such stimulating incentive."

So well pleased was Mr. Brown with these sentiments that he embodied them verbatim in the brief which he presented to the Supreme Court. Remember that this is the attorney who is engaged in attacking the Oregon minimum wage law, and think then what it means to have him hold up the Massachusetts act, and by implication the New York one, as a model of righteousness. He says all that anyone would claim for the proposed statute in New York, and if Mr. Brown hadn't made a speech at the annual dinner of the National Retail Dry Goods Association on February 10, 1915, we should all have supposed that the chief opponent of the legal minimum wage law was an ardent supporter of the voluntary measure as applied in Massachusetts and proposed in New York.

But a few months have done much to Mr. Brown's spirit. His hatred of compulsion, his love of free morality, have deepened. Like Emma Goldman, he has come to fear not only the tyranny of law but the tyranny of public opinion. The Massachusetts statute he says now is "most obnoxiously compulsory." In that barbarous state, "when the wage is promulgated by the Commission, although there is no fine or imprisonment for the employer, if he fails to comply he is published through the state as an unreasonable recalcitrant." Mr. Brown only a few months ago described such laggard employers as men who from "avarice, neglect, or indifference would remain inactive without some such stimulating incentive." Now that New York is threatening to follow Massachusetts, Mr. Brown weeps publicly at the horror of com-

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the negligent, and the indifferent. "Indeed the statute makes it a crime for any newspaper publisher to refuse this publicity to blacklist one who" —I thought Mr. Brown would say "who is avaricious, neglectful, or indifferent"; what he said was, "one who may be his own relative or his best paying advertiser—or even himself."[1] It seemed to me then that he was becoming a bit finnicky in his objection to even the subtler forms of compulsion. Yet we dare not ignore Mr. Brown. He is the heavy artillery on the other side. So, leaving aside his contributions to morals as not altogether inspiring, we must proceed to consider him as an economist.

"Wage Worth"

"You cannot legislate efficiency," says Mr. Brown. "When you compel an employer to pay a wage which is fixed regardless of the worker's efficiency, you are legislating a forced gratuity to the worker, no matter that the wage be measured by the cost of living or by any other standard which disregards its fair worth." There you have in compact form the objection to a legal minimum wage which is most persistent in people's minds. They say to themselves, "How can you force an employer to pay a girl *more than she is worth?*" Isn't that against all business, common sense and the laws of economics? What right has the state to legislate charity into the pay envelope? Isn't it absolutely wrong to force any woman to *receive more wages than she earns?*

The answer is that it might be wrong if there were any way of telling how much she is worth, or what she earns. We know what women workers *receive,* but no one has the least idea whether their income has anything to do with their productivity or their efficiency. If there is one thing the Factory Investigating Commission made clear, it is that wages for unskilled women's work in the sweated trades are not based upon any recognizable standard of efficiency or value.

Dr. Howard Woolston, who directed the work of the New York State Factory Investigating Commission, has pointed this out:[2]

> "Even for identical work in the same locality, striking differences in pay are found. In one wholesale candy factory in Manhattan no male laborer and no female hand-dipper is paid as much as $8 a week, nor does any female packer receive as much as $5.50. In another establishment of the same class in the same borough every male laborer gets $8 or over, and more than half the female dippers and packers exceed the rates given in the former plant. Again, one large department store in Manhattan pays 86 per cent of its saleswomen $10 or over; another pays 86 per cent of them less. When a representative paper-box manufacturer learned that cutters in neighboring factories that there is no well established standard of wages in certain trades. The amounts are fixed by individual bargain, and labor is 'worth' as much as the employer agrees to pay."

These figures show pretty clearly that two employees in the same district making the same kind of goods have no way of standardizing wages on any basis of value. That is why Mr. Brown, talking about wages depending upon "wage-worth," is using a catchy phrase and a neat theory which in practice mean literally nothing at all. The kind of women's work to which the minimum wage would apply has no standard by which wages are fixed. Women get what they get, by the custom of the shop, by the whim of the superintendent, by arbitrary decision. No law of supply and demand, no sense of "wage-worth," determines that a "stripper" in order to earn fifteen cents an hour must paste paper on the side of about one hundred and fifty boxes, and a "hand-dipper" must coat about seven hundred and twenty pieces of cream candy with chocolate, while a hand-ironer in the laundry will earn twenty-five cents by pressing four plain shirts.

Economic Bogeys

With these facts before us, suppose that we raised the wages of hand-dippers in candy manufacturing from fifteen to seventeen cents an hour, and thereby saved the girls from the most extreme hardships of poverty. By what standard would the Mr. Browns be able to say that we were paying this girl more than she is worth, that the extra cents were a "forced gratuity," or that we were interfering with the laws of supply and demand?

For what in the name of sanity are these economic laws as they appear in practical life? Mr. Brown and others talk about the value of cooperation, and how fine it is for employers to raise wages voluntarily. Yes, but why is it fine? Isn't it disastrous to tamper with the economic law, or are we to understand that the economic law has no terrors when violated by the good will of the employer? Or perhaps may we assume that economic law, as Mr. Brown uses the phrase, is nothing but the will of the employer?

I am forced to believe it. I am forced to conclude from much study of Mr. Brown that whatever happens to exist is "natural" and "according to law," that any change inaugurated by the workers or by public opinion is "artificial," but that any change created by employers is merely economic law working itself out to beneficent ends.

The phrase "economic law" on the lips of men like Mr. Brown is nothing more than sheer buncombe which conceals a prejudice. It belongs to

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fact that you can make it run up to the top of the highest skyscraper; which says, "You musn't interfere with nature," and then proceeds to join oceans at Panama, deflect rivers, create lakes, move mountains, clear jungles, abolish typhoid, fly in the air, swim under the water, tunnel the earth. It is pathetic to think of what Mr. Brown's plight would be if millions of people hadn't spent their lives "interfering with nature." They have put clothes on his back, carried him in trains, protected him by fire laws, surrounded him with policemen; he has been shaved, washed, manicured; he has gone to the dentist's. He owes all that he is to invention, education, organization. The very liberty he talks about is a product of human effort, an effort to impose rational purposes upon the blind drift of things. When Mr. Brown is prepared to abolish all tariffs, all production of property, all factory laws, all laws against fraud, when he is ready to leave everything to whim and chance and accident, there will be some consistency in his thought.

The Incompetent Employer

In the meantime he is wasting fine words. What he calls natural law is really an amazing and damnable inefficiency on the part of employers. In these trades where women are employed and sweated we are dealing not with inexorable laws but with thoughtless, stupid, careless, uneducated employers. Strangely enough, they are only too ready to describe the inefficiency of the girls they employ. Of course the girls are inefficient. What else can one expect from the present housing, schooling, and working conditions open to them? But for every score against the incompetence of the workers there is at least one score against the incompetence of the management, and it is time the general public realized that these manufacturers and retailers who will be affected by the minimum wage are proved by the facts to be profoundly incompetent business men. When they cry out against "interferences," those who know the facts laugh. Those employers who wish to be regarded as self-respecting captains of industry literally do not know how to run their own business, and far from the state's interfering with them by investigation, interference is more likely to prove their salvation.

The New York Commissioners unearthed the most ludicrous inefficiency.[1] They found employers who kept their pay-rolls in pocket-memorandum books; employers who had no knowledge of rates paid by competitors for similar labor; employers whose rates varied as much as fifty per cent in the same neighborhood; whose labor cost varied as fluctuations which were violent. They found that in eleven large retail stores in New York City 44,000 new names were added during the year and 42,000 names were dropped. This was to maintain an average working force of 27,000. In box and candy factories nineteen plants employed 3,400 persons to maintain a force of 1,700. The time lost between jobs is large. Of 1,500 women interviewed, 1,000 had lost an average of one month in the preceding year. Obviously the labor market in sweated industries is not a model of intelligence and foresight.

Terrible Conclusions

If this welter of inefficiency is the product of "natural law," every civilized person will cry out for the interference of human law. It is "natural," no doubt, to slop along in the archaic manner, producing money profits at an enormous vital deficit. By the same token garbage would accumulate in backyards and alleys, and all manner of disease-breeding foulness litter the earth. It would be "natural" to leave it there, it is artificial to remove it.

But two terrible results are prophesied: 1, the minimum wage will drive men out of business; 2, it will raise prices. Mr. Brown uses both threats, though it is a little difficult to see how a business which had been extinguished could raise its prices. The idea is, I believe, that some firms will go to the wall, and that the remaining ones will recoup by raising prices. These fears are, as we shall see later, based on theoretical guesses, rather than actual probabilities. For the moment I wish to consider a third possibility based on the experience of the brush industry in Massachusetts. Brush making, it should be said, is the first industry in the country in which the minimum wage has been fixed by a wage board. Let me tell the incident in Mr. Rome G. Brown's own words:

> "One brush concern, since the minimum wage for brush makers took effect, has discharged over one hundred of its unskilled employees and has reorganized its methods of work so that its less skilled labor is done by those who also perform more skilled work; and at a total wage which is $40,000 a year less than that paid formerly."

In other words, the effect of the minimum wage has been to raise wages, eliminate a hundred of the most unskilled, and increase efficiency so much that the cost of labor is $40,000 less than it was. One would think Mr. Brown might be led to confess that this particular firm of brush makers had been a pretty inefficient organization. Not Mr. Brown. He is not in the business of admitting inefficiency among employers. This firm of brush makers, he

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upon these sensitive brush makers the finer moral qualities disappeared:

> "In self-defense against the arbitrary interference of the state with its business, it is now forced to figure its wage scales on a selfish basis. . . . "

The result is that it pays a higher wage and saves $40,000 a year. But what some people may wish to know is whether this particular firm, in the old days when it was on its unselfish and inefficient basis, was applying those natural laws of economics about which Mr. Brown so graciously instructed the Supreme Court.

Facts Against Forebodings

Let us assume that the Minimum Wage act is passed in New York. The Commission is created, and it proceeds to establish wages boards in four industries—paper boxes, candy, millinery, and retail dry goods. These boards, after investigating the cost of living and the existing wage scales, order a general raise of wages from a median of six dollars to eight dollars. Let us assume that these industries are not able to improve their efficiency, are not able to do what the firm of Massachusetts brush makers did. Let us assume that higher wages will mean no increased productivity among the women workers. Under these circumstances, what would the minimum wage cost the manufacturer in cutting down his profits, or the consumer in raising prices?

Suppose that the whole cost is borne by the consumer. Then if work-shirts cost three dollars a dozen, and the labor of sewing them is paid sixty cents, when we raise wages ten per cent, the labor cost becomes sixty-six cents. The price instead of being three dollars becomes three dollars and six cents. In other words, while the worker receives a ten per cent increase, the consumer pays only a two per cent increase.

It is estimated that to raise the wages of 2,000 young women in New York candy factories from five dollars and seventy-five cents to eight dollars, confectioners in order to cover the cost would have to charge eighteen cents more per hundred pounds of candy. The profits in department stores average over five per cent on a year's business. But as the stock is turned five or six times annually, the yield on the investment is twenty-five per cent to thirty per cent. By raising the wages of girls under eighteen to six dollars, and of women over eighteen to nine dollars, the cost might be increased one and one-quarter per cent. If this were taken from profits instead of being added to the price, it would reduce the return to about nineteen per cent. The reason why these figures are so low is that the whole cost of [illegible] as regards New York a law which is to have no

manufacturing cost. In the case of paper boxes, labor is a charge of from seventeen per cent to thirty per cent of the market price; in candy manufacture, the average labor cost is about thirteen per cent of the manufacturing expenses. By raising that charge we raise the total cost very little.

Hurting Business

In the face of all this, what becomes of the cry that we are proposing to ruin business? It takes its place, doesn't it, beside all the other exclamations which have accompanied factory laws since the beginning of the nineteenth century? It is the cry which has accompanied every effort to clean up working conditions, protect mines, guard the life of child and women workers. Employers are always threatening a migration to less civilized countries. Yet somehow they stay where they are. A few go. In Victoria, one manufacturer in a panic moved out before the law went into effect. He moved over to Tasmania. Then Tasmania adopted the same law. In Victoria when the law was first passed in 1896 there were 3,370 factories employing 40,814 people; after fifteen years' experience of the law there were 5,638 factories employing 88,694 people.

But suppose a few employers do move out of the state—say from New York to New Jersey. How long will New Jersey tolerate their production of pauperism, disease and degradation, and its costs in charities, hospitals and sanatoria? Just about as long as it takes New Jersey to realize the ridiculous social cost of sweating.

Yet we are told that some employers will go to the wall. Able neither to raise prices nor increase efficiency, they will fail. To them the community must reply with simple kindliness that they belong with the landlords who own firetraps and conduct nests of disease and crime. They would better go out of business, and make way for better men.

Pitying the Worker

It is often claimed that the minimum wage will become the maximum. President Wilson during his campaign gave an impetus to this argument by saying:

> "If a minimum wage were established by law, the great majority of employers would take occasion to bring their wage scale as near as might be down to the level of the minimum; and it would be very awkward for the workingmen to resist that process successfully, because it would be dangerous to strike against the authority of the federal government."

Of course there is at the moment no question of a federal law. We are discussing state laws, and

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small number of sweated industries where women and children are employed, and establish for those industries wages boards consisting of six representatives of the employer, six of the workmen, and two or three of the outside public. This conference of the trade is to study conditions and recommend a minimum wage, which is then to be published as an official recommendation. No one is legally bound by it. But even supposing he were, as in Oregon, California and elsewhere, how can the legal fixing of the least that may be paid affect the discussion of how much more shall be paid? If we make a rule that no one shall receive less than eight dollars a week, how does that prevent an employer from offering, or the workers from asking, nine or ten dollars? It is like assuming that because the tenement house law prescribes one hundred cubic feet of air per person, no one must live in more than one hundred feet.

But, say our critics, the tendency will be to level down to the minimum. Yes, but whom will it level down? Half the unskilled women workers will be levelled up. What ground is there for supposing the others will be levelled down? Are they, in the language of Mr. Brown, being paid more than they are "worth"? Or are they being paid what they are "worth"? Or aren't they being paid what the employer feels called upon to pay them? How will their status be changed by increasing the pay of the sweated workers?

Moreover, it is difficult to contemplate the folly of an employer who paid all his help, skilled, unskilled, experienced, and novice, anything like a single minimum standard. With no incentive left for improvement, no reward for skill, the efficiency of his plant would be a spectacle, and he would find very soon that he had been cutting off his nose to spite his face.

There is, however, no need to guess about these dark predictions. The minimum wage in one form or another has been applied for many years in various parts of the world. In Victoria it has been enforced by law since 1896, it has been applied in New Zealand, in England and elsewhere. In the United States the trade unions have in various trades applied it. For clearly there is no economic difference between a minimum established by force of law, by force of public opinion, or by force of a strike. The economic effect is the same, and all the terrible results prophesied ought to have shown themselves. It is, I believe, an almost unanimous conclusion of students that the minimum rates have not tended to become the maximum.

For example, according to Mr. Harris Weinstock of the United States Commission on Indus-

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Among these 948 received the minimum, and 1,510, or sixty-one per cent, received more. In Christchurch, New Zealand, out of 2,788 under the wage law fifty-nine per cent received more than the minimum. In Dunedin, fifty-one per cent received above the legal minimum. To those, then, who assert that the effect is to level down wages, we can oppose the answer that where tried it has done no such thing.

Mr. M. B. Hammond, vice-chairman of the Industrial Commission of Ohio, from whom I quote these figures, says quite pertinently:

> "Furthermore, it must be remembered that the employers' claim that such a system of wage regulation would have a levelling effect on wages is beside the mark, since at the present time in most industrial establishments of any considerable size in this country, great numbers of employees performing the same class of work are paid the same wages, irrespective of differences in individual efficiency. A few years ago when I visited certain large steel mills in Pittsburgh I was told that in one of them where 12,000 workers were employed, two-thirds received a flat rate of $1.50 a day, and in another mill employing 4,500 men, two-thirds of the employees received $1.65 a day."

Indeed, our campaign against sweating is badly named a minimum wage campaign. The minimum wage exists, but it is so low and so irregular that it has become an infinitesimal wage. What we are struggling for is a minimum that shall be a living wage, a minimum which is yet so low that in all conscience it is little above the slave-owners' standard, a minimum which shall enable a woman who works all day long to earn enough to sustain her health, buy decent food, clothes and lodging, and secure a little recreation.

The Fringe

There is one prediction persistently made by Mr. Brown and others which experience shows to be true. A certain number of the ultimately inefficient workers are displaced when the living wage standard is applied to an industry. The brush factory in Massachusetts which reorganized, saved $40,000 on its wage bill, and discharged a hundred of its least skilled employees, is a case in point. There are undoubtedly people working to-day whom no business man would keep if they could not be sweated. Child labor is the most striking example, coolie labor is another; some immigrant labor, both men's and women's, falls within the category. There are also groups of workers who are physically or mentally defective, and there are those who have not yet learned the trade and so require an apprenticeship of some kind.

We are asked what is to become of these peo-

benevolence we plan to throw them out into the street. Yet as a matter of fact it is just these marginal workers who constitute the most convincing argument for establishing living wage standards. But they cannot be dealt with wholesale.

Apprentices

In low-skilled occupations such as the sweated trades, no long period of apprenticeship is required. But there is a time when the young girl is so inexperienced that she wastes material and produces very little result. All sensible minimum wage laws provide for about six months' probation at something under the standard wage. There has been a tendency among employers to abuse this privilege. They have found it cheaper to take on "apprentices" for six months, discharge them, and recruit a new force of "inexperienced workers." They have generally worked this evasion of the spirit of the plan when the difference between the regular wage and the probationary wage was greater than the difference between the value of an inexperienced and an experienced employee.

Obviously these difficulties can be met by resourceful administration. An alert Commission can adjust its findings so as to eliminate gross circumvention, and still make perfectly feasible a term of apprenticeship. The deeper remedy for the situation lies in the school system which turns into industry workers with so little general training and vocational adaptability.

Exceptional Cases

The plan we propose carries with it a provision for licenses to be granted by the Commission in special cases where the evidence is clear that a person should be permitted to work for less than the minimum wage. This elasticity is needed for good administration, because in any human problem there are particular people who fit badly into a general rule. There are, for example, a number of workers who are crippled in one way or another, and yet manage to live self-respecting lives by earning small sums. No one proposes to crush them under an iron rule, and so a human discretion is allowed to the Commission.

Defectives and Incompetents

There are nevertheless classes of workers whose productivity is very, very low. They may be old, or weak-minded, or physically feeble, or so utterly untrained and illiterate that under American conditions they cannot be employed at a living wage. We say of them that they should not be employed. They should not be permitted to debauch the labor market, to wreck by their competitions made.

At this point we break radically with our critics. We are against sweating. That means we are against cheap labor and for the economy of high wages. We say that it is saner and in the end less costly to take care of these industrial incompetents than to allow them to compete with the great mass of the workers.

The sick and mentally defective should be cared for by the state. The old should be pensioned. The children should be kept in school, and subsidized to stay there if necessary. None of these people belong in the labor market, and the minimum wage if it keeps them out will do a most useful service.

Immigration

Not enough has been made of the fact that the fixing of an American minimum is one of our best protections against indiscriminate and overstimulated immigration. Once abolish sweating and take industry off a basis of cheap labor, and you have reduced one of the great incentives to the most threatening forms of immigration. If the European is compelled to work at not less than an American standard, he will be less useful to the employers of cheap labor, and less effort will be made to bring him over.

Child Labor

The same reasoning applies to the employment of children. They are hired to-day because they are cheap. Make them expensive, and fewer of them will be hired; there will thus be less opposition to child labor laws. Indeed, by the transition from a sweated to a living standard there are few problems of industry which are not affected. Whenever business men abandon the old notion of all the traffic will bear and all the human body can stand, and turn to an intelligent counting of vital costs, a better morale appears in the industrial world.

The Organization of Chaos

We are dealing in these sweated trades with industries where cooperation, pride of work, technical and social standards are most primitive. Competition has corrupted them to the point of despair, and only by the establishment of some device like the wages board can we hope to create a civilized discipline. The employers must organize to send their representatives; the workers must combine to send theirs. At these board meetings the conditions of the trade as a whole have to be analyzed, statistics have to be compiled, investigations made. Well-managed plants are compared with befuddled ones; the whole philosophy of

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tional effect of this will undoubtedly prove to be very great.

For what the minimum wage plan proposes is really a kind of legislature of the industry—a legislature in which workers, employers and public are represented. This is the Wages Board. Its findings are subject to veto or review by the Commission, or by the courts. But when the disagreement is not too radical, the Wages Board becomes in practice the actual parliament of the industry. Under the Oregon plan its decrees are enforced by the state, under the Massachusetts plan by public opinion.

Its powers, like that of any legislature, are limited. It establishes only the minimum wage. But this must carry with it agreement about hours, piece work, labor conditions, manufacturing methods, use of machinery, and, in the end, profits and prices too. In short, the Wages Board is a device for stimulating in sweated and primitive trades those beginnings of economic democracy which the unions are beginning to construct in the more mature industries. Ultimately this is perhaps the greatest promise of the experiment. The management of these chaotic trades will be scrutinized by the persons most closely concerned—the people who live and work in them. Employers will begin to know what they are at, how their methods compare with those of their rivals. They will learn the difficult and necessary art of thinking about the trade as a whole in its relation to labor and the public. The workers will for the first time get genuine representation, and they should learn by direct example the value of the solidarity of labor. They will receive constant practice in formulating their needs, exerting pressure, making intelligent their demands. And this, it should be remembered, is in industries where women predominate, women who will soon be voters. No more necessary or more valuable school of democracy can be created than these trade legislatures, in which people have a chance to learn how to govern the conditions of their work.

Humble Pie

Yet it would be absurd to assume that minimum wage legislation is a kind of omnibus for paradise. To fix a "living standard" would be a great advance over what we have, but by every civilized criterion it is a grudging and miserable thing. In those moments of lucidity when we forget our hesitancy before brute obstruction, it seems like a kind of madness that we should have to argue and scrape in order that we may secure to millions of women enough income to "live." If we had not witnessed whole nations glowering at each other all winter from holes in the mud, it would be hard to believe that America with all its riches could still be primitive enough to grunt and protest at a living wage—a living wage, mind you; not a wage so its women can live well, not enough to make life a rich and welcome experience, but just enough to secure existence amid drudgery in grey boarding-houses and cheap restaurants.

We may fail to secure that. So far as the press is concerned, the issue hardly exists. It lies at the moment stifled in platitudes and half-truths about "not hurting business." From the little comment there is, we might think that a business was sound if it rested on the degradation of its labor; might think that business men were a lot of jumpy neurotics ready to shrivel up and burst into tears at a proposal to increase their wages bill a penny or two on the dollar; might think, from the exclamations of Mr. Brown and his friend John Smith, that a campaign against sweating would do no less than ruin the country.

But you cannot ruin a country by conserving its life. You can ruin a country only by stupidity, waste and greed.

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